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[THE WORKINGS OF FATE.]

THE GIPSY PEER; OR, A SLAVE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

CHAPTER X.

Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use. *Shakespeare.*

HAPPILY unconscious of Lord Raymond's presence in the camp and of his insult to Lurli, Tazoni, the gipsy king, was proceeding with the bridles of the cream-coloured ponies upon his arm towards Earls court.

It had not been without a fierce combat between prudence and desire that his steps were wending thitherwards.

During the last week the strong, well-trained mind of the man had warned him that there existed for him a strange, indescribable charm about Lady Florence Dantesle and all pertaining to her. Such a charm could not be anything but injurious for one such as he, and wisdom—the wisdom he had learnt from his books and his slight experience—in a low, clear voice bade him fly from the dangerous presence and seek safety in forgetfulness.

But inclination, as usual, under the guise of duty, conquered; he silenced the voice of wisdom by reminding himself that he had promised to break in the ponies and had given Lady Florence to understand that he would himself bring them back. Therefore, with inward misgivings of his own strength, he found himself striding onwards through the Earls court heather with the August sun pouring down a benediction upon his head.

Had there been no interruption to his journey he would have delivered the ponies and returned to the camp without meeting Lady Florence, who was at that moment listening to Horace Denville's dulcet tones in the woods; but Chance, the goddess, who more often than all her sisters steps from her throne

to interfere with the affairs of us mortals below, so ordered it that the bridle of one of the ponies should slip from Tazoni's hand.

He woke from his reverie at once, but before he could do more than keep the other—who naturally felt a desire to join its escaped comrade—in hand the runaway had, with light heels and snorting nostrils, gained a very fair start.

Tazoni, blaming himself unstintingly for his carelessness, flung himself on the back of the remaining pony, and, taking the coil of rope lasso fashion, set off in pursuit.

But pony number two, with a fellow feeling that was wondrous kind, absolutely refused for some time to aid in the capture of his companion, and Tazoni had the mortification of seeing the pretty runaway far on the common and well nigh in the woods before he could by dint of various skilful inducements prevail upon his pony to go straight and obediently.

To follow up in the direct pursuit, after such a start as the fugitive had gained, would, he knew, be to assure his defeat at once; accordingly he struck off in a semicircle, gained the woods in time to head the pony, and, raising his lasso, drove it on to the common again.

Twice by skilful dodging he succeeded in nearing it, but the lasso fell short each time, and it was not until after a long run that the rope dropped upon the prey, and the trunk was regained.

Through this accident he did not reach Earls court until just before Horace Denville's departure.

Florence, who was standing at the window waiting for the termination of Miss Slade's conference with Mr. Denville, saw Tazoni approach and, greatly to her surprise, felt a thrill of pleasure at his nearness.

Nevertheless, for some unaccountable reason, she drew back behind the curtain, and Tazoni passed before the terrace and into the courtyard without seeing her.

A groom took the ponies from him and gave him Florence's horse Turquoise, and Tazoni, inwardly disappointed at not meeting Lady Florence, said good-day and strode off.

Florence saw him repress and walked to the bell. He had not been paid, and she must send him the two guineas. But, with her hand on the bell, she paused. It needed no extraordinary penetration to see that Tazoni was proud, with all the grave, dignified humility which clothed him as with a garment. It was not unlikely that the groom or the footman would give him the money with some insolent remark after the manner of their class. Her soul shrank from the idea, and, hastily snatching up her hat, Florence, who, with all her high-bred composure, was a girl of impulse, passed out of the window and walked quickly down the terrace.

Now Tazoni's disappointment at not seeing Lady Florence had been so great that the bright sun seemed too bright and self-asserting for him. He longed for the quiet and shade of the woods, where he could argue against this new feeling and indulge to the full in self-reproaches.

Accordingly he leapt upon Turquoise's bare back, struck out into a bye path, which with all a gipsy's topographical instinct he guessed would lead him into the forest.

In this way Florence, following the broad gravel drive that led into the high road, missed him. Her annoyance at so doing was great, for she thought that in her attempt to spare his pride she had subjected him to greater inconvenience.

"I have heard," she murmured, "that the gipsies are poor; often have not enough to eat. Suppose he should be wanting this very money to buy food for himself and his tribe."

Thinking of the tribe it was scarcely to be wondered at that Florence's thoughts should wander to Lurli, the self-abnegating queen, who had abdicated for the stalwart gipsy, and, not unwilling to indulge her reflections, she turned into the woods and sauntered in their shades with bent head and thoughtful eyes.

Tazoni meanwhile guided Turquoise by many a devious path towards the little glade opening on to the cascade, which, by reason of the intricacies of the forest, was little frequented.

Having reached this secluded spot, he dismounted, arranged Turquoise's bridle so that she might be at liberty to coquette with the short, sweet grass around her, and flung himself on the soft moss to rest beside her.

In a few minutes, finding that his reverie was but leading him into a vain complaint against the fate which had decreed him the position of a vagabond and an outcast, and yet given him the materials for an insensate longing for some place in the world and means of satisfying his ambition, he took a book from his pocket and commenced to read.

Alas! as had happened too often of late, the words his busy, restless mind wrote between the lines overpowered the printed words, and, with an exclamation of impatience, he threw the book from him, causing Turquoise to refrain from her nibbling for a moment and eye him with surprised curiosity.

"To what end?" he exclaimed, rising and pacing to and fro, "are all my endeavours? What can such studies as these bring me but an intense hunger and a more devouring thirst? I could almost wish that I had never learnt how degraded and low the lot of the outcast gipsy is, and how grand are the chances open to the rest of humankind. If fortune had but been kinder; if, for instance, she had placed me in the position of that insolent lordling, heir of Northcliffe and all its wealth and honour, what could—nay, what would I not have done to raise the name above the heads of men? What ambition should have been too lofty, what honour too great? I would have used my power and my wealth to gain the love and the devotion of my fellow men. I would have taken no rest, no satisfaction, until the name of Northcliffe was synonymous in men's ears with nobility and power. Nay, more—yet let me not think of it, for that way madness lies!"

"I might perchance have followed with my will whither my heart had led me; I might have wooed the loveliest, the highest in the land, and whom else is that but the lady of Earlescourt?"

"Heaven! what madness is this? Is it fitting that I, an outcast gipsy, should hold her name even in my thoughts?"

"No, let me cast off this insensate folly, and while I cease to remember her sweet face never cease to forget that from such as I she is as far as the angels soaring in the clouds above me, and that to breathe even to one's own ear of aught else but lowly reverence is degradation worse than madness. Oh, fate! thou hast made me the slave of circumstances, and no living soul can tell how the chain galls and the yoke presses."

He sank almost with a groan on to the moss again, and so lost in thought almost unconsciously recovered his book.

Taking a pencil from his pocket, he dreamily commenced writing upon the fly-leaf, and after a few moments broke off as unconsciously as he had begun, let the book slip from his hand and relapsed into a dreamy stillness, listening to the music of the cascade, which had, perhaps not unheeded, trilled forth a music harmonizing with his reflections.

So deeply engaged was he that Florence's light footfall behind him did not arouse him, and she would in all probability have passed on without meeting him had not Turquoise, with the acuteness of hearing and the faithful affection of its kind, recognized her step with a whinny of delight.

Tazoni, who understood the horse language in all its mysterious dialects, sprang to his feet, and, seeing who it was, with a sudden flash of the eyes that were sufficient welcome, uncovered his head.

Florence came forward with her regular, stately step and patted the horse.

"Good morning," she said. "You have taken Turquoise in hand at last."

Though there was nothing of a reproach in her tone he chose to understand it as such—and defended himself.

"At last, my lady," he said. "I have had too much work this last week to allow of my giving her all the attention she needed, and I would not render a promise void by only half redeeming it. I have her at last and I will cure her."

"Thank you," she said, with her hand still upon the horse, and looking up at him where he stood a little distance from her, still uncovered. "I did not wish you to take her until you had ficed. You have been busy. Please put your hat on."

He did so, with a glance of obedience, and stood in his favourite attitude, one hand resting against his strong, supple side, the other hanging down with that graceful negligence which denotes strength and readiness to use it.

"Yes," he said, "as Farmer Styles will testify."

"You have been at work at night, too," said Florence, noting, for the first time, a certain paleness in his face, which had not been there when she saw it last.

He looked down.

"Scarcely work, my lady. I have taken my rest in the woods, seeking for the thief my Lord Dart-eagle spoke of."

"I remember," she said. "You have discovered that it was none of your men."

"I am assured it is not," he said, and his face darkened. "But for a cunning unsurpassable I should have had the prey within my grasp last night; I was as near to him as I am now to you. But he escaped me—most mysteriously."

"Last night," said Lady Florence, "I think some one else must have seen him also. I heard the keepers telling my father that Lord Raymond had been attacked in the woods and robbed of his diamond studs."

Tazoni looked eager.

"Did he see the thief?" he asked.

"I do not know," said Florence, and there was a pause, while Tazoni's dark eyes scanned the ground thoughtfully.

Then, with a slight blush, Florence broke in.

"I am glad I have met you," she said, "because I wished to pay you for the ponies. I have brought the money with me. Here it is," and she held out her hand, taking a step nearer to him.

He started slightly, and with the tightness of the lips by which she had discovered his pride held out his hand.

She placed five sovereigns in it.

He looked up, with a reserved smile.

"It is too much, my lady," he said, selecting two and holding out the remaining three as if they had bitten him.

"Not too much," she said, hesitatingly. "I—"

"Forgive me," he said, deslively. "There is no shame in accepting fair wages for fair work. It is no more than the highest and the lowest of us do daily; but he who takes a needless charity soils his honour and his soul. Take the money back, my lady, and give me in its place your pardon for my too-ready speech."

The girl, with a colour which heightened her beauty so much that the wistful look in the man's eyes grew as intense as the gleam in a sapphire, took, with her white, dainty fingers, the three coins from his tanned hand.

As she did so she noticed that his gaze settled and lingered upon her hand, and, moved by one of the impulses which were in her uncontrollable, she said:

"Why do you look at my hand?"

He raised his eyes to her face, then dropped them again in silence; indeed before he could have replied she went on:

"I forgot you are a gipsy, and a proficient in palmistry. Were you trying to read my future?"

He smiled, but with an eager light in his eyes.

"I am a gipsy," he said, "and, as you say, have some knowledge of the black art. Dare I ask for permission to read the lines upon your hands, and weave your fortune from them?"

Florence hesitated, and was lost.

With a smile that was not so composed as Lady Florence Dart-eagle's was wont to be, she held out her hand to him.

"There it is," she said, trying to speak coldly.

"But let me warn you that I am a sceptic of the science you profess, and that, whatever future you may predict, I shall remain as incredulous."

He inclined his head.

"So be it," he said, and took her hand.

For a moment she had almost withdrawn it, for his touch thrilled her with a feeling too intense and strange not to be fearful; and, besides, she could feel his strong hand tremble beneath hers, and saw a light in the eyes that were bent upon her open palm that made her wish she had not obeyed the impulse so hastily.

For a few moments there was silence.

"Commence, if you please," she said, "or I shall think that the mystic characters in which my fortune is written have baffled you."

He looked up, and looking full into her eye, which drooped beneath his, said, in a low voice:

"My lady, I hesitate from no such cause. Your future lies here before me as plainly as if it were written in a book. I pause because I am incredulous of one phase which is here set forth. I would have the world's path before you all smooth and shining; roses should shed their leaves and perfume about your feet; I would fill the world with sweet-throated birds, whom your footsteps should wake to music. All should be fair and lovely, with never a blight or a cloud to dim its happiness. But here is a blight and a cloud, and I would fain leave the veil that shrouds the future still draped before your eyes."

"Nay, lift it," she said, with a smile that was half imperious, somewhat curious, and a little embarrassed.

"I obey," he said, with an inclination of the head.

"First then," he said, "I see your form walking in an Eden of youthful beauty. All is serene and

quiescent as the placid gliding of the stream. You are alone with the birds and the flowers. For a time only. Another form has stepped upon the path with stealthy silence. It is a man, fair to look upon as the passion flower and as deadly. He hovers at your side with soft speeches and fair smiles—with the face of an angel and the heart of a satyr. Lust of gold is in his eye, love of self is in his heart. He draws nearer and nearer. I see him more plainly, and I see that his hands are not empty, he holds in one some bright substance that dazzles your eyes, in the other he has a net woven from the threads of deceit and guile; and as you walk, unconscious of your danger and the true nature of your companion, he raises the net to throw around your devoted form!"

As he spoke Tazoni's voice gradually grew more and more intense, and Florence, rendered almost breathless by his earnestness, felt his fingers close around hers.

Seemingly lost in his necromancy, Tazoni, after a pause, continued:

"The picture grows dim and misty, a darkness is falling rapidly, but I see in the gloom that something or some one, I know not what or who, has saved you, the false-smiling figure has gone. But gone also are the sunshine and the flowers. There is light enough in the stormy clouds driving across the sky to see the ill-omened raven scudding through the blast and your figure, alone and unaided, wandering through the tempest. It grows lighter—lighter—lighter. I see vast crowds upon which streams of lights and flowers pour down. I see the world at your feet, begging for your smiles. But you do not smile, your eyes are fixed whitely above the heads of the kneeling worshippers. You are seeking some one. You are waiting and watching and—ah!—weeping! For you the music has no meaning, the light and beauty of the scene have no charm. Something or some one for whom you are pining in far distant, and all is as black and dreary to you as the grim waste where you wandered, wind-tossed and storm-bound!"

He stopped suddenly and raised his eyes to her face. His own was pale and lit up with eager yet mournful eyes. To his surprise hers, which he had last seen haughty and imperious, had also grown paler, and within the depth of her proud eyes was an eagerness almost akin to his own.

"Can you not tell—?" she said as her hand dropped to her side, and then she paused.

"You would know the name of him for whom you watch and wait?" he said, in a low voice, filling up her silence.

"I would," she said, with a smile that was plainly forced.

Tazoni shook his head.

"Such knowledge lies beyond our art. No other face is revealed to me than that of the person whose hand I hold."

"You cannot tell me of whom I should beware?"

"You mean the first figure, with the net?" he said.

"Yes," she said.

"Alas, no. Would that I could, for my own sake."

The words seemed to have slipped from his lips unawares.

Florence drew a little away from him and tried to frown.

Apparently lost in thought and ignorant of his offence, he added to it.

"Would that I could. Not unaided should you walk through sunshine or sorrow. One other figure should ever be seen by you to guard you from your foes."

"And that figure?" said Florence, reddening, and with another unwise impulse.

Tazoni started and saved himself.

"Is one so lowly and so unworthy of your notice, my lady, that you would take no more heed of it than of a devoted dog?"

Florence smiled proudly, but as if with an effort at hauteur which cost her something, and in a calm though low voice said:

"I warned you that I should not believe your predictions, but I thank you for them nevertheless, and as a mere slight return for the—amusement she was going to say, but with his grave, handsome face before her and his dark, gentle eyes fixed upon hers, she could not use the disparaging word, and said in its place—"trouble you have taken I will promise to shun anything that may bear the slightest resemblance to your mysterious fowler."

"You have given me more thanks than I deserve, my lady," he said, bending his head, but still his eyes gazed on her face as if loth to lose it for a moment.

Then she patted Turquoise's head and was gone.

Tazoni stood looking after her, motionless as a statue, for the space of a minute, then leading Tur-

quise, who had witnessed his mistress's disappearance with a lively display of astonishment, he disappeared in the opposite direction.

Had he waited five minutes longer he would have seen Florence again, for, remembering that she had dropped her gloves upon the ground while caressing the horse, she retraced her steps to recover them.

Ascertaining that Tazoni had gone, she picked up the gloves and was leaving the spot for the last time when she saw a book lying upon the mossy ground. Guessing that it was his, she walked towards it, and picked it up also.

With an intense curiosity she opened the title page.

It was a copy of Don Quixote in the original Spanish.

She could not but feel surprised, for, though Tazoni had spoken with the knowledge and accent of an educated man, she could not have expected to find him acquainted with a difficult foreign language.

"I have heard that some of the gipsy tribes are of pure Spanish origin," she murmured. "If he can prove his descent from an old high-bred hidalgo it is a laudable ambition to know his mother tongue," and she closed the book.

In doing so, however, the fly leaf fell back, and she saw that it was covered with writing in lead pencil.

Without asking whether her curiosity was excusable, she commenced reading eagerly.

It was poetry, poetry of the true ring, as the refined lady instantly recognized; but surely it was not only the excellence of the verses that brought the colour to her face and dimmed her eyes with tears.

A slave of circumstance I stand
And watch the Queen of Stars,
While Fate with ever-mocking hand
Points to my prison bars.

"The star you see, so dear to thee,
Look where it shines afar—
Much easier grasp the net or to-be
Than hope to gain that star!"

And Fate is true, for well I know
Though chance should set me free
My star could never sink so low
To give a thought to me.

Ah, yet I would not if I could,
Though Hope and Faith came never,
Love less the star of maidenhood,
I love thee, star, for ever!

Florence, after reading the verses twice, stood with the book in her hand irresolute.

What were a gipsy's love verses to her? As soon strive to find a connection between herself and the King of Denmark! She would throw the volume where he had left it, and think no more of it, or him.

But having made the resolution she instantly broke it by slipping the book into her pocket and walking away with it.

CHAPTER XI.

Strength is a man's chief glory
When he doth use it to a good account.
Innocence and virtue he protects,
And saves from peril many a one
That puts his trust in him.

Fuller.

To return to Lord Raymond, whom we left shrinking beneath the violence of old Martha's prediction.

To say that he was a coward is at the same time to label him superstitious. To assert that he believed every word of the old woman's prophetic threat would be giving him credit for too blind a credence, but most assuredly the gipsy's vehement attack awed and bewildered him.

With a muttered oath he snatched his hand from her grasp and walked hurriedly away.

No sooner had he gone than Martha, most unaccountably, turned upon the still trembling Lurli, and, with a voice of fury, asked her how she dared degrade herself by gossiping with a stranger, and, what was more, a lordling.

Lurli, with fiery indignation, poured out the truth, and the old woman changed her tactics.

"And what did he ask thee?" she inquired.

Lurli told her word for word, and her anxiety on Tazoni's account was not lessened by the look of apprehension which clouded the old woman's cunning eyes.

"Thou told him Tazoni was in the wood?" she repeated, with something of contempt.

"Ay, and what harm could the truth do, mother?" asked the girl, proudly. "Why should Tazoni, who fears no one, fear that insolent man?"

The old woman muttered.

"What is right against might?" she croaked.

"That hot-blooded brother of thine will be thirsting for revenge, and follow the lordling to his palace. Blood will be shed—and whose but the gipsy's?"

"No, no, mother!" said Lurli, her cheek blanching before the prospect of harm to Tazoni. "Tazoni

must know nothing of this lordling's insolence. Not a word, not a word! Thou wilt not tell him?"

"Wilt thou be more careful and keep thy tent then?" asked the woman.

"I will," said Lurli, relapsing into her old dignity.

"Trust me, mother, no stranger shall ever gain an opportunity to insult me. I will not forget that my mother was Zera, and that Tazoni's blood would be on my hands if aught happened of it."

Satisfied with this, the old woman, refusing to answer any questions as to the danger that might accrue to Tazoni from Lurli's ill-advised admission of his being in the woods, hobbled away.

Meanwhile Lord Raymond retraced his steps towards the Hall, his brow more clouded than ever, and a raging fire of hate and malice burning within his breast.

"At any rate," he muttered, as he entered the shrubbery, "I have that insolent dog of a gipsy in my power. I won't be hasty though, I'll wait until I can pay him off in full. Snatched my whip from me, did he? and talked to the future Lord of Northcliffe as if he were a cart-horse. By Heaven! I'll teach the hound manners in a new way; and my dark little forest queen, too. By Heaven, she's a queen, and worth a little trouble. Her resistance has given me a zest. She's too pretty a bird for such a crow's nest, and I'll find her a better, though all the gipsy wolves and all the fiends in Christendom watched round her."

Thus muttering and laying out his plans for the capture of the daughter of Queen Zera, he had nearly reached the house when something rose from behind the hedge and fell at his feet.

Already unnerved by the events of the morning, Lord Raymond started back with an oath, expecting a second stone, for such he had imagined the missile to be.

But none came, and, after peering through the hedge and listening intently for a moment or two, he stooped down and looked about the gravel path.

Then he saw that the supposed stone had only served as the means of carrying a missive of some kind, for a small piece of paper had uncured itself from a pebble and lay open under the hedge.

He picked it up, and with a suspicious glance right and left, read these words, written in a crabbed and illiterate hand:

"Tell the Jew you will pay him his money in a week from to-day if he will keep his mouth shut, and met the writer of this in the wood at the same spot this day week at the same time at night."

There was no signature, but it needed none to tell Lord Raymond that his correspondent was the mysterious poacher and purloiner of his diamond studs.

More bewildered and suspicious than ever he tore the piece of paper into fragments, and with a misty head gained the house.

Mr. Denville had not returned, but when he did, an hour later, he was in the best of possible spirits, having brought a note from Lady Dartleagle containing an invitation for the Northcliffes and himself to dinner at Earls Court on the following day.

At first Lord Raymond said he should not go. He was ill, he said, and bored.

"That's a pity," said Mr. Denville, "because it will be a disappointment to that clever Miss Slade. By Jove, Raymond, you have made a conquest there. I own it's much to your credit, for Miss Slade is not a school-girl. She has seen some of the highest and best of the present men. I never saw one so hit as she is. Pity to disappoint her, my dear fellow."

This judicious piece of flattery somewhat cleared the cloud of ill temper, and Lord Raymond agreed to accompany them.

After dinner—during which Mr. Denville noticed that Lord Raymond continually cast suspicious glances at the window and often checked himself in the act of filling or emptying his glass—the gentlemen adjourned to the billiard-room.

Lord Northcliffe, however, soon left it for the drawing-room, and Mr. Denville seized the opportunity to ask Lord Raymond a few questions respecting his journey of the morning.

"Well, do you endorse my opinion on the rustic beauty, my dear Raymond?"

"What rustic beauty?" asked Lord Raymond, sullenly. "Why the fiend can't you call people and things by their proper names?"

"You object to the ornate, do you?" said Denville, unmoved and unruffled. "Well, I mean the little gipsy girl at the camp yonder!"

"Oh," said Lord Raymond, with a cunning glance from the corners of his small eyes, "I call it a regular sell. You must have a fine idea of the beautiful to call a brown shrimp of a girl like that beautiful. I don't call her good-looking, and that's enough about her. How many are you going to give me up?"

"Ten, as usual," said Mr. Denville. "And for as many pounds if you like."

Raymond sullenly acquiesced and the game proceeded, Mr. Denville skilfully allowing him to win by a few points.

The next he won himself.

"You are playing better than usual to-night, mon ami," he said. "Is it to be double or quits?"

"Yes," growled Raymond, and Mr. Denville calmly won the game.

"Very well played," he said, as he pocketed the twenty-pound note. "I thought I should have had to shell out, and that would have been a pity, you can so much better afford it."

Lord Raymond glared suspiciously at him for a moment, but, failing to detect any irony in the speech, threw down his cue and stalked off to the drawing-room.

"Twenty pounds," muttered Mr. Denville, turning down his shirt-sleeves and preparing to follow him more leisurely. "Not a moment too soon; to-morrow would have seen me penniless."

On the morrow they dined at Earls Court.

Outwardly, and to the eyes and ears of the unsuspicious elders, the young people were quietly enjoying themselves with no thought for the morrow, but in reality two were scheming with might and main, another was lost in a reverie which had for its centre the stalwart figure of a base-born gipsy, and the last was enduring an agony of suspicion that rendered him sullen and morose—ever watching for some chance word which should discover that he was watched in turn, and brim-full of hate and envy for the easy, indolent man of fashion whom idiot like, he fancied had no care or anxiety.

Still, great as was the temptation to drink and drown his cares, he, not unnoticed by Mr. Denville, often passed the bottle and rose at last, if not better tempered still sober and in his right senses.

Mr. Denville knew that his tactics must now be of the fleetest and most skilful, and it was a lesson in finesse to see his bearing towards Florence. It was so deferential, so gentle, and withal so deprecatingly confidential that she liked him better than ever; and while he sat and talked to her of his hopes and aspirations, in language that he had well conned from poet and essayist, she forgot that other voice, all the more easily too inasmuch that she told herself it was her duty to forget it.

So well pleased was Mr. Denville with his success that when he rose to say good night he thought he might venture on a farther step, and, going over to Miss Slade apparently to ask her a question on some musical matter, he whispered:

"Arrange for the drag to-morrow."

Miss Slade, with an expressive glance to show that she understood, soon after found herself near Lord Raymond, who was hovering near Florence, and, in her most deferential and confiding manner, said:

"Lord Raymond, have you forgotten the drag? Is it not rude of me to mention it? But Mr. Denville has been extolling your driving, and I am so anxious to ride beside a really good whip."

"Oh?" said Lord Raymond, relaxing beneath her flattery. "Well, if you can get Florence here to say a day, I'll take you."

"Oh, Florence, dear, do say an early day. I'm sure aunt will come."

Florence smiled.

"Any day you please, Emilia," she assented.

Miss Slade, in a timid but imploring whisper, murmured:

"To-morrow?"

"All right," said Lord Raymond, and Lady Dartleagle, promising to play chaperone, the picnic was arranged.

The morrow opening favourably, the four bright, spirited bays with the new and sparkling drag at their tails, started.

Lord Raymond possessed neither the courage, coolness nor strength which are absolutely necessary to the making of a good whip, but as the road was straight with only one awkward curve he managed to keep his temper and guide his team safely to the old ruined chapel at Dove Court, which had been fixed upon as the site for luncheon.

A very pretty group the handsomely dressed party made amongst the moss-grown ruins; Lady Dartleagle in her dove-coloured silk, Florence in the lightest of blue muslins, and Miss Slade in white, made a harmony of colour which Mr. Denville declared delicious.

Lord Raymond, having cast for awhile his suspicions and doubts to the winds, and being filled with an under-bred elation at his success in bringing them safely, condescended to be good tempered, and assisted to lay the luncheon out, occasionally swearing at the servants and rearranging everything after every one.

With good appetites they sat down to perigord pie, truffles, pressed fowl, and similar delicacies, leaving the bays to the enjoyment of their corn and water.

"What a delightful drive," said Miss Slade. "How nice to be able to drive four horses—just like the Emperor of Rome!"

And she sighed admiringly in Lord Raymond's ear.

"Think so?" he said, looking pleased. "Well, it isn't every fellow who could do it; specially with this team. That off mare is as touchy as a bear with a sore head. But I think I managed to bring her along. It's more than Denville could do, you know; he's one of your lardy-dardy swells, no good for anything."

Mr. Denville, who was discussing the ruined chapel with Florence, smiled beneath his moustache, but took no farther notice.

"After luncheon shall we take a closer inspection?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Florence. "I am ready now."

"And I also," he said, offering his hand to assist her in rising.

They sauntered to the chapel, and, getting the key from an old man, who acted in the capacity of cicerone, unlocked the door and entered.

It was a small chapel, still bearing traces of its once sacred office. The old altar tottered against the window, while a stone cross with one arm reared itself by the spot where the pulpit once stood.

At the farther end was a small doorway, through which could be seen the commencement of a flight of narrow steps.

"Where do those steps lead?" asked Mr. Denville.

"To the turret," replied Florence.

"Shall we go up?" he said, and Florence assenting, they ascended the narrow time-eaten steps.

At the top, however, they met with an obstacle to their progress in the shape of a tall, strong iron gateway.

"Oh, I had forgotten," said Florence. "This is locked, and we must wait until old David comes with the key."

"A strong gate," said Mr. Denville, shaking it.

"Yes," said Florence. "Papa had it put here. There were so many excursionists and antiquarians coming to see the old chapel, and they used to ill-treat the poor old turret so shamefully that papa said he should protect it. Now they cannot enter chapel or turret without old David and his key."

"A very good arrangement," said Mr. Denville, who, while she had been speaking, had been playing with the gate in a stealthy way, and looking thoughtfully down the staircase.

"Is there only one key to it?" he asked.

"Only one that I know of," said Florence.

"And this old man keeps it?" asked Mr. Denville.

"Yes, old David," said Florence. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for the mere sake of asking, I suppose," said Mr. Denville, with his soft laugh, but for the first time since Florence had known him she thought he looked embarrassed.

But as there could be absolutely no reason for any embarrassment she put her thought down as the idlest and most improbable of fancies, and when Mr. Denville said, "Is it worth while to drag the poor old fellow all the way up these steep stairs? I have seen the view often, and I can see it some other time," Florence, thinking him extremely considerate and kind-hearted, led the way down again.

When they returned to the trees beneath which they had lunched they found the hampers packed, and Lord Raymond very comfortably ensconced against an old trunk with a champagne glass in his hand and a flush of excitement on his swarthy cheek.

Mr. Denville ventured to glance with significance at Florence. Florence looked coldly and straight before her, and noticed neither of them.

Miss Slade, sipping champagne, was talking and laughing with the young lord, but keeping an eye on Lady Dartle, who was talking with old David at a little distance.

"Come, my dear fellow," said Mr. Denville, touching Raymond on the shoulder. "Don't you think we had better be starting? The ladies are waiting."

"Eh?" said Lord Raymond, starting up with flashing eyes. "Oh, let us have one glass, eh, Miss Slade?"

But Miss Slade, who saw that Lady Dartle was now within hearing, demurely declined, and Lord Raymond filled his own glass.

Horace Denville then signed to a groom to take the hamper away, and after looking after it with an ill-tempered scowl Lord Raymond leapt to his feet.

Several champagne bottles lay near the spot where he had sat, and he threw the glass he had last drunk from to join them, then with a coarse laugh he strode towards the drag.

Mr. Denville assisted Florence and Miss Slade to their places, and Lady Dartle got inside.

Then Horace Denville, in an audible whisper, said:

"Raymond, I think you had better let me drive. The horses seem rather restive, and—" and he pointed at the empty champagne bottles.

Lord Raymond stared at him angrily.

"Do you think I can't manage my own team? Impudent idiot!" he said, and sprang into the box.

Miss Slade glanced at Mr. Denville with something like unaffected fear, but he did not reassure her with a grim smile.

Florence, who knew no fear, sat looking down upon the splendid, fidgety bays, as if they were intended for some other vehicle, and seemed unconscious of Lord Raymond's presence.

At a signal from Mr. Denville the grooms let go the leaders' heads, and the horses sprang forward.

With a cut of the whip Lord Raymond tightened up his reins, and for the moment the luckless passengers felt reassured.

But after a few minutes' careful driving the fiend within him stirred his blood to fever heat, and the long whip began to coil round the sides of the already excited horses.

"The old mare's very touchy, my lord," a groom ventured to murmur, but his master glared wrathfully at him and struck the restless animal viciously.

With a start and a plunge it dashed forward, the drag rocked to and fro, and Lord Raymond rolled in his seat.

"Hold them in," said Denville in his ear and for a wonder Lord Raymond managed to do so.

"If we can pass the corner he may bring us in with whole necks," said Denville in Miss Slade's ear, and then relapsed into silence, closely watching the road and Lord Raymond's whip.

All the mad youth's efforts were but sufficient to keep the now warm and excited horses in hand, and every moment they were gaining fresh strength and command over their drunken and incapable driver.

The drag lurched to and fro like a ship in a storm, the dust rose in a blinding, choking cloud, and the clatter of the horses' hoofs as they beat the hard road sounded fearfully distinct and threatening.

The corner came in sight, and Miss Slade's false face grew yellow.

"Be careful of the corner, dear Lord Raymond," she whispered, clinging to his arm.

But he either did not hear or chose to disregard her warning, for with a hoarse laugh he cut the leaders across the ears and let them have the reins.

With a combined dash as of a stone from a catapult they averred and rushed forward.

Denville rose in his seat and threw his arm round Florence, grasping the rail at her back so that she was chained to it.

The grooms flung themselves from their tailboard with shouts of warning.

Lady Dartle's shriek rang from the inside, and Miss Slade's hysterical scream chimed with it.

One person only seemed fearless and unmoved during those horrible moments.

Pushing back Horace Denville's arm, Florence grasped her rail and rose to look before her.

The bays were close upon the corner with the bits in their mouths and the foam flying across their backs.

"It is certain death," she said, calmly.

Scarcely had the words left her lips before a strong figure rushed from the wood, stood for the space of one second to take in the position of the curve and the madly approaching horses, then, with a smile of encouragement which only the upright Florence caught, sprang at the near leader's head, and drove him by the impetus of his rush and the weight of his body from his fatal course.

There was a confusion of hoofs, a tossing of heads, a fearful kicking and snorting; then the drag was brought to a standstill, and Florence knew that they were saved.

Mr. Denville leapt to the ground, and with one of the grooms who had clung to the drag secured the horses' heads.

Then arose the question amidst the confusion, "Who stopped them?"

No one could say. In the terrible rush of that awful moment Miss Slade had hidden her face in her hands, Lord Raymond had been incapable of seeing anything, and the dust had prevented Horace Denville.

But Florence had seen the heroic figure and re-

cognized the noble face, and she knew that already he had redeemed his wish and saved her in a moment of peril.

But she remained silent.

Had he wished that it should be known who had done them the priceless service she would have spoken. But he had gone, vanished the moment the peril had passed, and she could not refuse compliance with his thus clearly expressed wish for secrecy.

She remained silent.

(To be continued.)

LISBON.

It was the wandering Ulysses, says ancient tradition, who founded Lisbon, and gave it his name, "Ulyssip," which, in the course of time, was contracted to "Lisbon;" but there are Portuguese historians who claim for their capital a still more remote antiquity, and declare, with marvellous precision, that Elissa, a great-grandson of Abraham, laid its first stone B.C. 3,269. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Phœnicians had at a very early period a flourishing colony here, and that they introduced most successfully their worship all over the country, for to this day rude figures carved in stone, representing the bull Apis, a popular idol of this people, are frequently found in every part of Portugal.

The present cathedral of Lisbon is said to be built on the site of a Moorish mosque erected out of the ruins of a temple first dedicated to Astarte by the Phœnicians, and afterwards to Diana by the Romans. In the days of Julius Cæsar both Spain and Portugal were overwhelmed by the Romans, who utterly changed the character, and even some of the names of the principal cities.

Lisbon under their domination became "Felicitas Julia," in honour of the daughter of the first Cæsar, and remained beneath the imperial rule until A.D. 400, the time of the invasion of the Peninsula by the barbarians. It now became one of the chief cities of the Gothic empire, and reassumed its ancient name of Ulyssip or Olisipo.

In the year 703 Don Roderick lost it to the Mohamedans at the fatal battle of Guadalete. The inhabitants had at an early period embraced Christianity, and they were now doomed to suffer beneath the yoke of the followers of Mohammed an infinity of woe and misery. Their conquerors were, it is true, a luxurious, highly civilized and learned people, but they were conquerors, and the spirit of such is rarely gentle and conciliatory; moreover, the Moorish kings of Cordova, having concentrated the whole power and revenues of nine-tenths of the Peninsula into their hands, found it necessary to employ great bodies of foreign auxiliaries to keep down rebellion. They therefore summoned mercenaries from all parts of the East to their aid, and distributed them according to their nationalities in the various cities of their new possession.

Thus, Egyptians were sent to Lisbon and Beja, Persians to Huete, Assyrians to Seville and Granada, and Israelites from Damascus, Emessa and old Palestine to Cordova, Medina, and Algeiras. These mercenaries treated the Christians with terrible harshness. But if the rightful owners of the soil wept and toiled, their masters founded a glorious and glittering epoch in Arabian history. Art and learning flourished beneath their fostering care. Architecture of the most exquisite beauty and richness adorned the cities of Granada, Seville, and Toledo, and the Alhambra and Alcazar are still wonders of the world.

Lisbon also shared in these embellishments. Her ancient churches, most of them originally Roman temples, were converted into mosques, and but little of their classic origin was left beneath the gorgeous arabesques and Saracenic ornaments with which they were now loaded. At Clutra, not far distant from the city, and a spot celebrated throughout the world for its Eden-like beauty, the Moorish kings built a palace of surpassing splendour as their summer residence, in imitation of the Generalife of Granada.

THE JEWISH CALENDAR.—This day, September 12th, the Jewish new year 5635 commences, and the day of atonement will fall on the 21st instant.

M. THIERS is reported to be unwell. There is a story current that the aged statesman recently remarked, "I only gained a single thing by the Presidency of the Republic—a bronchitis, which has not since left me."

THE VATICAN.—The world may not know the extent and magnificence of the Vatican Palace, in which the self-imposed seclusion of the venerable Pontiff is made. The gardens are unequalled in size and beauty. The museum and library contain the choicest and rarest examples of art treasures. There are 20 spacious halls for receptions, 15 magnificent salons, 2 chapels, 218 grand corridors, 8 grand staircases, 228 other staircases, and 11,500 apartments.



[COME TO STOP.]

CAST ON THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VI.

On her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek and faint
As light in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint. Longfellow.

HERSY'S clock, which was thought by its mistress to regulate the sun, was really a great deal too slow, and Mildred had scarcely gone half the way to the Mayfield station, when she was startled by the shrill scream of the engine, and knew that she was left behind.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "I can't go back, for maybe Hepsey's home before now. I'd rather stay here alone in the woods," and sinking down against a fallen tree Mildred began to cry.

Not for a moment, however, did she regret what she had done. The dreary old gable-roof seemed ten-fold drearier to her than the lonesome woods, while the winter wind, sighing through leafless trees, was music compared with Hepsey's voice. The day had not been very cold, but the night was chilly, and not a single star shone through the leaden clouds. A driving storm was coming on, and Mildred felt the soft snow-flakes dropping on her face.

"I don't want to be buried in the snow," she said, "though that would be nicer than going back;" and she groped around to find some better place of shelter than the old tree afforded.

Suddenly, as she came to an opening in the trees, she saw, in the distance, the light shining out from the library windows of Beechwood; and the idea crossed her brain that she would go there, and if Mr. Wilton turned her off, as he did before, she'd go to Tiger's kennel and sleep with him.

Mildred's impulses were usually acted upon, and she was soon traversing the road to Beechwood, feeling with each step that she was drawing nearer to her home.

"Mrs. Simms says I have a right here," she thought, as she passed silently through the gate. "And I almost believe so too. Any way, I mean to tell him I've come to stay;" and without a moment's hesitation the courageous child opened the door and stepped into the hall.

Mr. Wilton sat in his pleasant library, trying to interest himself in a book, but a vague feeling of loneliness oppressed him, and as often as he read one page he turned backward to see what had gone before.

"It's of no use," he said, at last; "I'm not in a reading mood;" and, closing his eyes, he leaned back in his arm-chair and thought of much which had come to him during the years gone by—thought first of his gentle wife—then of his beautiful

daughter—and then of Richard, whom he had sent forth from that very room, and at that very hour.

Where was he now, that boy? Were the waters of the seas chanting wild music over his ocean bed? Did the burning sun of Bengal look down on his unwept grave? Or would he come back again some day, and from his father's lips hear that the old man was sorry for the harsh words that he had spoken?

Then, by some sudden transition of thought, he remembered the night of the storm, and the infant left at his door. He had never been sorry for casting it off, he said, and yet, had he kept her, were she with him this wintry night, he might not be so dreary sitting alone.

"There they go!" said a childish voice, and as his gold-bowed spectacles fell to the floor he started up, and, lo! there upon a stool, her bonnet and bundle on a chair, and her hands folded demurely upon her lap, sat the veritable object of his thoughts, even little Mildred.

Through the half-closed door she had glided so noiselessly as not to disturb him, and sitting down upon the stool at his feet, had warmed her hands by the blazing fire, removed her hood, smoothed back her hair, and then watched breathlessly the slow descent of the spectacles from the nose of the old man, who, she fancied, was sleeping.

Lower and lower and lower they came, and when at last they dropped she involuntarily uttered the exclamation which roused him to a knowledge of her presence.

"How did you get in, and what are you here for?" asked the old man, feeling, in spite of himself, a secret satisfaction in having her there, and knowing that he was no longer alone.

Fixing her clear, brown eyes upon him, Mildred answered:

"I walked in, and I've come to stay."

"The plague you have," returned the old man, vastly amused at the quiet decision with which she spoke. "Come to stay, eh? But suppose I won't let you, what then?"

"You will," said Mildred; "and, if you turn me out, I shall come in again. I've lived with Oliver's grandmother as long as I am going to. I don't belong there, and to-night I started to run away, but the train left me, and so I came in here."

"Brought your things, too, I see," interrupted Mr. Wilton, pointing to the bundle containing Mildred's Sunday clothes.

"They are the best I've got. She never bought me anything since mother died. She's just as cross as she can be too, and whips me so hard for nothing—look," and rolling up her sleeve she showed him more than one red mark upon her arm.

Sour and crusty as the old man appeared, there

were soft spots scattered here and there over his heart, and though the largest was scarcely larger than a pin's head Mildred had chanced to touch it, for cruelty to any one was something he abhorred.

"Poor little thing," he said, taking the fat, chubby arm in one hand, and passing the other caressingly over the marks—"poor little thing, we'll have that old she dragon attended to," and something very like a tear, both in form and feeling, dropped upon the dimpled elbow.

"What makes you stare at me so?" he continued, as he saw how the wondering brown eyes were fixed upon him.

"I was thinking," answered Mildred, "that you are not such a cross old man as folks say you are, and you'll let me stay here, won't you? I'd rather live with you than Lawrence Thornton—"

"Lawrence Thornton!" repeated Mr. Wilton. "What do you know of him? Oh, yes, I remember now that he spoke of finding you asleep; but were you running away to him?"

In a few words Mildred told him what her intentions had been, and then said to him again:

"But I shall stay here now and be your little girl."

"I am not so sure of that," answered the old man, adding as he saw how her countenance fell, "what good could you do me?"

Mildred stood a moment uncertain how to answer. At last, as a new idea crossed her mind, she said:

"When you're old and lonesome there'll be nobody to love you if I go away, and you'll be sorry if you turn me off."

Why was it the old man started so quickly and placed his hands before his eyes, as if to assure himself that it was little Mildred standing there and not his only boy—not Richard, who long ago had said to him:

"In the years to come, when you are old and lonesome, you'll be sorry for what you have said to-night."

Those were Richard's words, while Mildred's were:

"You'll be sorry if you turn me off."

It would seem that the son, over whose fate a dark mystery hung, was there in spirit, pleading for the helpless child, while with him was another Mildred, and looking through the eyes of brown so much like her own she said:

"Take her, father, you will need her some—when."

And so, not merely because Mildred Hawkins asked of him to do it, but because of the unseen influence which urged him on, he drew the little girl closer to his side, and, parting back her rich, brown hair, said to her, pleasantly:

"You may stay to-night, and to-morrow night, and if I don't find you troublesome, perhaps you may stay for good."

Mildred had not looked for so easy a conquest, and this unexpected kindness wrung from her eyes great tears, which rolled silently down her cheeks.

"What are you crying for?" asked the old man. "You are not obliged to stay. You can go back to Hepsy any minute—now, if you want. Shall I call Rachel to hold the lantern?"

He made a motion towards the bell-rope, while Mildred, in an agony of terror, seized his arm, telling him she was only crying for joy; that she'd die before she'd go back!

When Rachel appeared in answer to his ring, he said:

"Open the register in the chamber above, and see that the bed is all right, then bring us some apples and nuts. Do you like them, child?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed Mildred through the hands she had clasped over her face when she thought she must go back.

She knew she was not going now, and her eyes shone like diamonds as they flashed upon the old man a look of gratitude.

It wasn't long now in that handsome library where Mildred sat, eating nut after nut and apple after apple, while the old man sat watching her with an immense amount of satisfaction, and thinking to himself how, on the morrow, if he did not change his mind, he would inquire the price of feminine apparel, a thing he had not done for years.

In his abstraction he even forgot that the clock was striking nine, and half an hour later, found him still watching Mildred, and marvelling at her enormous appetite for nuts and apples. But he remembered, at last, that 'twas his bedtime, and, again ringing for Rachel, he bade her take the little girl upstairs.

It was a pleasant, airy chamber where Mildred was put to sleep, and it took her a long time to examine the furniture and the various articles for the toilet, the names of which she did not even know. Then she thought of Oliver, wondering what he would say if he knew where she was; and, going to the window, against which a driving storm was beating, she thought how much nicer it was to be in that handsome apartment than back in her little bed beneath the gable-roof, or even running away after Lawrence Thornton.

The next morning when she awoke the snow lay high-piled upon the earth, and the wind was blowing in fearful gusts. But in the warm summer atmosphere pervading the whole house Mildred thought nothing of the storm without. She only knew that she was very happy, and when Mr. Wilton came down to breakfast he found her singing of her happiness to the gray house-cat, which she had coaxed into her lap.

"Shall she breakfast with you or wait?" asked Rachel, a little uncertain whether to arrange the table for two or one.

(To be continued.)

It has often been observed that the character of a departed person can be read in his will; but what manner of person Joseph Mulley, of Clapton, can have been it is difficult to say. It contains the following curious legacy:—"I give unto my sister Susanna five pounds of money of Great Britain, one long hair broom, a dust-shovel, two hard brushes (both to be used at one time), and one pound of the best rappee snuff, which, I am sure, will complete her happiness in this world and the world to come."

ARSENIC POISONING BY A GREEN CARPET.—At a recent meeting of the Swedish Medical Society of Stockholm, Dr. Kjelberg related the case of a young man, who, having manifested symptoms of arsenic poisoning, was sent away to travel. During the following year he enjoyed perfect health, but having at length returned home, he began to suffer shortly after in the same manner as before. Suspicion was now directed to a green carpet upon the floor of his chamber, and an analysis revealed the fact that there was contained in the colouring matter a very considerable quantity of arsenic. The removal of this carpet was followed by an immediate disappearance of all the morbid symptoms.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.—With the sanction of Government, the following movements in relief of British and Native troops for 1874-75 are ordered and will be carried out under the detailed instructions which will be issued by the quartermaster-general:—Headquarters 4th brigade from England to Ahmedabad; A battery 4th brigade, from England to Kirkee; B battery 4th brigade, from England to Kirkee; C battery 4th brigade, from England to Belgaum; D battery 4th brigade, from England to Kurrachee; E battery 4th brigade, from England to Deesa; F battery 4th brigade, from England to Ahmedabad; G battery 4th brigade, from

England to Nusseerabad. Royal Artillery—D battery 9th brigade, from Kirkee to Trichinopoly (Madras Presidency); F battery 9th brigade, from Kirkee to Neemuch; headquarters 18th brigade, from Ahmedabad to England; A battery 18th brigade, from Belgaum to England; B battery 18th brigade, from Kurrachee to England; C battery 18th brigade, from Ahmedabad to England; D battery 18th brigade, from Neemuch to England; E battery 18th brigade, from Nusseerabad to England; F battery 18th brigade, from Kurrachee to England. British Infantry—12th foot (2nd battalion), from Bengal Presidency to Aden; 41st foot (2nd battalion), from Aden to England; 49th foot (2nd battalion), from Mhow to England; 68th foot (2nd battalion), from Poona to Mhow; a regiment from England to Poona. Native Infantry—27th regiment N.I., from Kurrachee to Hyderabad; 29th regiment N.I., from Hyderabad to Kurrachee.

A GROAN.

Oh! for a cool, shady spot, a big cave somewhere in the woods, with a spring and a bread-fruit-tree or something else of the sort, close by. I should like to leave the world and all the folks in it, except those I love, and go there and live, and never read a newspaper again.

I am tired to death of murders and thefts, and the cracking of all the commandments. Don't tell me any more about this wicked world. If it is as bad as it is painted, how are you to trust any one or believe any one? How are you to keep from getting into that despairing state in which you would believe any evil statement about anybody?

It robs life of its sweetness to think human nature bad. It makes the soul sad and bitter to see the smirch on other souls. There was a time when I wondered to hear good people groan about this wicked world. That time has departed. I feel like groaning myself.

Poor old Diogenes! No wonder you went about with your candle looking for an honest man.

It is a sad world indeed, when you can only base your belief in the goodness of its inhabitants on the horrible hope that none of them ever tells the truth.

M. K. D.

BACHELOR LORD MAYORS.

It does not very often happen that the Lord Mayor of London for the time being is a bachelor; at all events such has been only twice or three times the case within existing memories. One memorable example, however, of a bachelor holding the civic chair may be found in the year 1669; the then Lord Mayor, as we learn from Haydn's "Manual of Dignities," was Sir William Peake, and he was not only a bachelor himself, but, if we may be pardoned the Irishism, so wedded to a celibate life that he invited all his bachelor acquaintances to dine with him in his official capacity, in order to celebrate his and their own lucky escape from the meshes of matrimony. They sat down to dinner, as recorded in a contemporary document, just three hundred in number. This we learn from a rare and curious old broadside in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, which describes: "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, and the Noble Company of Bachelors dining with him, May 5th, 1669."

A virgin Queen and bachelor Lord Mayor To England are as prosperous as rare; She made the City love the Court, and he The Court the City by his loyalty.

Of course the "Virgin Queen" alluded to was Elizabeth, who had dined more than once at the Guildhall with her loving subjects of the City of London in the previous century, and whose visits were not even then forgotten.

E. W. M. A.

LATE LOVE.—Perhaps love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed their first youth, or even those who have passed the prime of life. The choice made then is likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man; and any intelligent gifts on the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that as life is not likely to be very long, this late love is the last thing to be clung to; and that after it, should it be lost, all will be desolation.

A CENTENARIAN.—Mr. Alexander M. Chance, of Hagley Road, Edgbaston, writes as follows:—"At Knighton, in Leicestershire, where he had dwelt all his life, Mr. Peter Manning died on the 13th ult., at the age of 101 years, and was interred there, August 18, in the parish churchyard. By religion a Wesleyan, he had been a local preacher for about 70 years, and had followed his trade as a master framework knitter till within the last year or so. He retained the full enjoyment of his faculties until about a fortnight before his death. I enclose a copy of the

entry of his baptism in the register-book of the parish church, dated 4th April, 1773, he having been born on the 31st of March in that year. These facts, which have been communicated to me by his son-in-law, whom I have known for many years, appear to me to be of sufficient general interest to be sent to you for publication."

ADVANTAGE OF STUDYING BOTANY.

THE most important advantage realized from a knowledge of botany is the pleasure and happiness it gives. It makes us acquainted with the vegetation which surrounds us, the trees, the shrubs and herbaceous plants, and also the grasses which contribute so largely to the wealth and support of mankind in the temperate zone. Having an intimate acquaintance with these, our daily walks or rides in the country are made doubly pleasant and agreeable. The entire country belongs in a measure to the botanist; 'tis his to enjoy and admire, and he often derives more pleasure from it than its owners, because he does not have to care for or pay taxes on it.

We have known invalids to become perfectly healthy by studying botany and collecting plants. Their walks and rides were pleasant and exciting, and their attention being always drawn to new and pleasing objects, their exercise was not fatiguing. They were looking for something new, and rarely failed to find it, and sometimes it was a rare and beautiful flower.

To the agriculturist and horticulturist a knowledge of botany will give more pleasure than any other science. It is with plants he deals, and the better he understands them the better he can manage them, and the more happiness he can derive from their cultivation. Such a person will be apt to make his home pleasant and its surroundings attractive with rare and beautiful flowers and fine fruits. Such a person has more of the elements of happiness at his command than the simply rich, for these last have made the acquisition of money their chief end and aim. Their minds have not been enlarged by scientific studies, and they are strangers to the pleasures which studies afford. The many cares which they have, and which cannot be avoided in the management of vast estates, render their lives toilsome and laborious, much more so than he who has a competency in the country, a good library and a pleasant home, and a scientific knowledge of his surroundings. He sees

Wisdom in the trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

W. M.

THE DANES.—Very little is known by Englishmen of life in Denmark; but it is a life quite worth understanding. There is no nation in the world where culture goes for so much. The different grades in society are marked, not by the amount of wealth, but by the different degree of refinement and education. A family who eat their meals from silver plates, and are served by men in livery to the rarest viands, will be on the most intimate terms with the family of a poor tradesman who has no carpets on his floor and only scant meals on his tables. But both families will alike be interested in the great march of civilization—they will know what is passing in different lands, be aware of the new discoveries in science, the fresh triumphs in literature. A Danish girl has other interests than flirtation, other ambitions than fashion. The life there is quiet, peaceful and intelligent; and the people are self-respecting and courteous.

RHINE WINE.—The Cologne Chamber of Commerce in its yearly report, which has just been issued, complains of the adulteration, or rectification, as it is called, of German wines. This, it says, assumed alarming proportions last year among nearly all the vineyard proprietors of the Moselle, and among many of the makers of the Palatinate. Unsugared natural wines are now scarcely to be met with in the Moselle district, and the addition of sugar goes hand in hand with liberal dilutions of water, and the usual ingredients of spirits. The mixture is fermented with grape husks; it is then styled wine. Last season 18,000 centners of common potato sugar were despatched from Coblenz up the Moselle, and considerable quantities were sent to the Upper Rhine, so that many cellars now contain more 1873 wine than the vineyards actually produced. Only an abundant crop can check this practice, and potato sugar should be subjected to the same tax as grape sugar.

HUMOURS OF DUELLING.—Sainte Beuve once fought a duel. It began to rain slightly after he had taken his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with the left hand, while holding the pistol in his right. The expostulations of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It's all

very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching a cold in my head." There is a droll story about Perpignan, a literary Bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former having fired, and having contrived to miss the other, taking deliberate aim, said to his antagonist, "Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are thinking of." "I'm thinking that if I were in your place I would not fire," said Perpignan; and he owed his life to his presence of mind. There is a much-quoted anecdote of an encounter between a dramatic author and his critic, the latter being a first-rate shot. After the author had fired and missed, the journalist aimed accurately at his adversary's hat, and pierced it with the utmost precision; whereupon the dramatist flew into a violent passion, protested that it was unfair, and exclaimed, "If you had told me what you were going to do, I would have put on an old hat."

RULES OF EVIDENCE.—INFAMOUS WITNESSES.

Most of the legal rules of evidence are wise. Many of them are the ripe fruits of ages of experience. Their adoption and observance have been found necessary in order to get at the truth.

There is no rule of evidence more fundamental, more essential, to be strictly adhered to, than that which holds that the uncorroborated testimony of infamous witnesses is not to be believed. No man is to be condemned on such evidence. In the view of the law, standing uncorroborated, it is entitled to no weight, to no consideration whatever.

This rule, we say, is eminently correct. There is no safety without it. Were the rule otherwise, every man would hold his property and his reputation at the mercy of scoundrels. It would rest entirely in their option how long he should enjoy either.

The same principles which have been found requisite for the guidance of courts and juries in judicial investigations should be adopted, to a great extent, by individuals in trying to get at the truth. It is not safe, it is not right, it is not fair—it is most unjust—to allow one's confidence in a well-known friend to be destroyed, to be abated, or to be for one moment shaken, on the mere accusations and testimony of infamous witnesses. This is a rule which should never be departed from—a rule which should never be lost sight of.

DON'T EXPECT PERFECTION.

No man is perfect; no woman either. People who begin to be lovers, with the idea that the being they love has not a fault, and never had, and never will have, must assuredly be very much disappointed long before the "courtship days" are over. The only way to love happily is to love faults and all—to take the peculiarities of disposition, as we generally do the peculiarities of the person, as part of the identity of the individual, and find no fault with them. Some people must have sulky spells; some must be snappish at times; others find it necessary to their existence to be woe-begone over nothing, every now and then. They are to be pitied for these things, as if they were sick headache or toothache; and they get over them if they are let alone, and come out bright and pleasant again, unless they are those most unhappy creatures who are always "out of sorts," and who are not likely to be loved at all.

It is the young man who marries an angel without wings, and the girl who believes her chosen husband to be superhuman—and expects him to conduct himself accordingly (poor man)—who are the soonest disenchanted.

You must not expect more perfection of your husband, in the long run, than you do of your grandmother, and your wife is as likely to have her failings as your maiden aunt. The chief point is to love so well that your heart shall open itself and take in faults and all; and then, soothed by the tenderness of affection, healed by sympathy, kissed by forgiveness, many of them may die out, or turn—as many faults easily can into virtues. M. K. D.

A MONSTER MUSHROOM.—A mushroom eighteen inches high, with a circumference of six feet, and weighing 52 lbs., has been found in Tangalle, Ceylon. An unsuccessful attempt was made to preserve the monster.

THE SILK INDUSTRY OF LYONS.—The trade of the large and important city of Lyons has not, according to the account given by Consul Mark, been of late years in a satisfactory condition, and as it depends largely for its prosperity upon the silk manufacture, which has suffered a serious depression, the state of affairs has led to much distress and suffering. Besides the pressure of a declining demand and adverse prices, both for the raw and manufactured material, production has diminished, and the result is no progress, not to say worse. It

is even to be doubted if Lyons is holding its own against the active and intelligent competition of Switzerland and Rhenish Prussia. The rise in wages, the constantly increasing exigencies of the weaver as to the nature of the work he will undertake, and the hard-and-fast line of tariff applied to labour, are all so many elements in favour of the foreigner, and stumbling-blocks to the Lyonesse.

On the occasion of Professor Fawcett's speech at Brighton the other day, a curious instance was afforded of memory such as is not often equalled. A gentleman who went down to Brighton in order to report the speech for fourteen newspapers called upon the professor some time before its delivery, and, explaining the nature of his business, requested the favour of a statement of the principal points of the speech. Professor Fawcett very courteously proposed not only to give him the substance of his speech, but to rehearse the whole of it for him. This he did, and the reporter took it down. Later on, while the speech proper was being delivered, the original copy made at the rehearsal was checked over word for word; and from beginning to end, so perfectly had the speech been committed to memory, there was not one single mistake, except that in one place a word was substituted for its equivalent in the notes.

FLORINE.

CHAPTER II.

FLORINE's whole being thrilled with electric life, as with a sudden turn Melmond drew up beneath the window where she stood. Her eyes grew luminous, her cheeks flushed, as she stretched out her arms towards him, and with voice, solemn, pathetic, passionate, exclaimed:

"Save me—save me!"

"I will, dear child—I will."

He beckoned a boy to his side.

"Hold this horse," said he; and he threw him the reins.

The boy obeyed without question or demur, though he had had his lesson from Denver.

There was an imperious ring of the door-bell, which brought Linda to her feet and sent her quickly to the door.

"There is a young girl here!" Melmond said.

"Yes, sir."

"I've come to take her away."

"You know all about it, I s'pose, sir. You know that it is right for her to go from here?"

"You may be certain that it is."

"You know Mr. Denver, then?"

"Yes, I know him well. Please tell the young lady that I am waiting for her."

"Mr. Denver told me that I must keep her under lock and key."

"He did?"

"Yes, the poor soul is crazy, I take it."

"At any rate, she is going from here."

"I hope I shan't be blamed for it!"

"The responsibility rests with me. Show me to her room, and I will set her free myself."

"I'm sure that I shall be glad of it. This way, sir."

And she led the way to Florine's room and gave him the key. He unlocked the door and threw it open.

"Florine," said he, "I have come for you, moved by a power higher and more omnipotent than was ever held by man, for until I saw you at the window I didn't know you were here."

"If Mr. Denver should come before we can get away?" said she.

"If he does, you've nothing to fear," said Melmond, as he led her forth.

A little while before, while she was still in peril, with no known means of escape, as has been said, she was calm and trustful. Her whole being, as it were, was pervaded by a happy serenity. Now, with head bowed, and tears streaming down her cheeks, she trembled like a reed shaken by the wind; not from any misgivings, for Melmond's cheerful words and respectful manner inspired her with courage, but from the very luxury of emotion. She, moreover, could see how full of compassion and sympathy was the frank, earnest face bending over her, and could feel the firm grasp of his hand on her arm, as he guided her to the open air.

In a few moments she was sitting in the chaise by his side. How safe she felt! She knew that she could trust him with the same undoubting faith as a child trusts a father. She even forgot to ask him where he was taking her to. He told her without asking.

"You must go to my mother's. 'Twill be a haven of rest for you," he said.

His words brought to her mind how utterly friendless she was; a truth which in the plenitude of her gratitude and joy at being rescued from the power of Denver she had, for the time being, lost sight of.

"Will she let me come?" said Florine, with the wistful look of the gazelle in her soft black eyes as she raised them to his face.

"Yes, gladly. You look as my Sister Ethel did who died two years ago. My mother is lonely these long June days, and I can't be much with her, as I've little time to spare from my profession."

"You are a lawyer—so I've heard."

"I am, and when I'm busy in my office you can supply my sister's place to my mother."

"If I only could—if I only could," she murmured, half aloud, then, raising her voice, she said:

"Do you know, sir, that I've neither father nor mother, brother nor sister—not a single relative in the world except Elsy Thorpe?"

"Yes, I know."

"She is my aunt, but I cannot call her so, for I don't love her. I'm afraid I hate her, and that is wicked, is it not, sir?"

"Certainly not, to hate her wicked actions. She has shown herself unworthy of your love—too base to have the care of any one."

"Oh, there's something about her," said Florine, and she shuddered as she spoke, "that repels me—something so abhorrent that I loathe her. I should rather die than go back to her."

"It would be better that you should die, dear child, were there no other alternative."

They rode slowly, and before they had reached his mother's home Florine had told Melmond the means resorted to by Denver to entice her to the secluded spot where he found her.

"How different is my life now from what it used to be when I had no one that cared for me—no one to sympathize with me," said Florine one evening, four months from the time that Mrs. Melmond welcomed her to her home and heart.

She was sitting by Mrs. Melmond's side, and spoke softly so as not to disturb Vivian, who was reading.

"Before I came here," she went on to say, "there was always a shadow of pain brooding over my choicest pleasures."

"I could say the same of mine," said Mrs. Melmond, "except when the shadows were put to flight by my son's presence; but since you have been here there seems to be the comfort of continued sunshine in our home."

The blush which these words of sincere, heartfelt praise brought to Florine's cheeks deepened to the hue of a live-red rose, a smile, rare and radiant, at the same time breaking over her countenance, as Vivian raised his eyes from a law book he was consulting, and said, quietly:

"That is so, dear mother."

He turned to Florine.

"You must never leave my mother," said he, "as long as she lives."

"I never will, while I live."

"If you should die, Florine," said Mrs. Melmond, "I should still have a comforter in my son. Should I die, who would there be left to console you—to give a home you could accept?"

"I," said the deep voice of Vivian Melmond.

"Do you suppose that I can part with her any more than you can, my mother? No, no, I cannot. When she is present I feel stronger, more hopeful—surer that there's a heaven—surer of the white raiment and the crown given to those who walk its golden streets. Florine, will you not give me the right to keep you with me always, as long as we both live?"

He had risen and taken both her hands in his.

"I will," was her answer.

"Now I'm content," said Mrs. Melmond. "I heard you were too well pleased with Elinor Aubrey to think seriously of making any other woman your wife."

"A rumour set afloat by an enemy, who would work in the dark," said Melmond; "but I well know who he is."

And before the glory had faded from the gorgeous robes of autumn Florine was the wife of Vivian Melmond.

About a week after Florine's marriage Hubert Denver called on Miss Aubrey.

"You sent for me, Elinor," he said.

"I did."

"Why so?"

"I wished to see you."

"If you hadn't sent, I should have come. I wish you to understand that I won't be trifled with any longer. This very evening you must choose between Angus Bartol and me. If you prefer him, say so, and I will trouble you no more."

"Angus Bartol is rich—let that answer you."

"You have more wealth now than you know what to do with."

"And you have nothing, though you have tried to make me believe otherwise. I, you say, have more than I know what to do with. Riches often take wings. I've no guarantee that mine will not."

If they should—I being your wife—what would you do? Blame me, most likely, for what I had no power to prevent."

"Well, I can't say that I think much of love in a cottage. Melmond was silly enough to marry a penniless girl for her beauty, and now, this very morning, news has come that the bank in which the little all he had has failed. So now there's nothing left for him to do but dig and delve at the lav."

"There may be," replied Elinor. "Fortune takes sharp turns sometimes—such as throws money into the cup of one, gall into that of another. Therefore, as the most politic thing I can do, I have decided to accept the hand of Angus Bartol, the millionaire, and I am enough of a pythonesse to venture to predict that the time is not distant when you will rejoice at my decision. Good evening," and she left the room.

Almost at the same moment that Denver and Elinor parted, it being then between nine and ten o'clock, a man who said that his business was urgent, was shown into the parlour, where Vivian Melmond and Florine were sitting together, Mrs. Melmond, their mother, having retired to her own room. He was a stout, thick-set man, whose bronzed complexion showed that he was one of the class who go down to the sea in ships.

Florine, who imagined that it was her husband he wished to see, rose and was about to withdraw, when he said:

"Will the lady please stay? What I have to say mostly concerns her."

Florine resumed her seat.

"Do you remember Captain Dyke, lady," he inquired, "who six or seven years ago was lost at sea?"

"I do. He was my father, and the only person whom I loved, or who loved me, when I was a child. But I never saw him much—he was almost always at sea."

"Captain Dyke was a good man. His men, when at sea, all liked him. But, lady, he wasn't your father."

"No, my father!"

"No, he was no more related to you than I am. The rich Alban Aubrey was your father."

"He never had but one child—Elinor Aubrey," said Mrs. Melmond, who had come in, "and she inherits all his wealth."

"Elinor Aubrey—so called—was the daughter of Captain Dyke, not of Alban Aubrey. The children were exchanged by Elsy Thorpe, Captain Dyke's sister."

"An assertion like that must be proved in order to be believed," said Melmond.

"What you say is true, and here are papers—Elsy Thorpe has some too—that will prove it fully—satisfactorily—as you will see, if you will examine them. Some of them are letters written to me by Elsy Thorpe, who needed assistance to carry out her plan of exchanging the children. I consented to help her, for I was young and thoughtless, and didn't realize the wickedness of what I was doing. When Captain Dyke died I told Elsy I would tell the whole story, but I had a good chance to go to sea before I had the opportunity to do anything about it. After that I let one time after another slip, but when I returned last spring I made up my mind that the truth should be known; for I saw how proud and haughty was the girl who was called Miss Aubrey, and how pleasant and handsome the real Miss Aubrey was, and how badly treated she was by Elsy Thorpe. So, though Elsy has tried to bribe me not to tell, I won't have it on my mind any longer. Why, I can't sleep o' nights, it haunts and worries me so. Men of my craft who buffet the waves are buffeted by fortune sometimes, and I haven't been lucky enough to escape; but they—such as I, I mean—almost always have a tender spot in their heart that makes 'em feel bad when they see a handsome, innocent girl abused, and the minute I heard the bank had smashed, and you had lost your property, I said to myself, 'Jack Dory, now's your time—go and tell all you know. 'Twill be a pretty windfall to come down into the girl's lap all of a sudden, who has suffered so much because you've kept back what you ought to have told years and years ago.' I'd rather live the rest of my life on one meal a day than to have such a secret as that to carry about with me. I shall be at your service whenever you want me," said he, as he rose and approached the door. "The papers I'll leave with you."

Melmond and Florine examined the papers before they slept. The incidents revealed by them were so consistent, so relevant to the subject under discussion, as to leave no doubt as to the parentage of Florine.

"How glad, how thankful I am, that I knew it no sooner," said Melmond. "Had it come to light before our marriage I might have been accused of cupidity. I might have almost doubted myself, so complex are the motives by which we are sometimes influenced."

"I, too, am glad if it makes you so, though my

trust in you would have remained firm and unimpaired. But while I rejoice on my own account, and still more on yours, I can't help pitying Elinor, who was unconscious of the fraud practised for her sake."

"And for that reason we must remember her in her day of adversity. Perhaps some arrangement can be made which will soften the sudden and abrupt change in her fortunes."

Much of the ensuing day was spent by Melmond and Florine in endeavouring to decide as to the best means of consummating the arrangement suggested the preceding day. Could they have been permitted to look behind the scenes, they would have found that nothing of the kind was needed. They would have seen that preparations were already completed for the most magnificent bridal there had ever been in the village, not excepting that of Allan Aubrey and his lovely bride nineteen years before, and that it was to come off the next morning. The truth was made known to them on inquiring why the few stylish equipages which the place afforded were in request that morning, and why they all, however distant the starting points were from each other, converged towards what was commonly called the Aubrey Mansion.

Only a few guests, the élite of the village, were invited, and these few beheld with an admiration too great to be expressed by any words contained in their vocabulary the richness and splendour of the bride's dress, and above all her brilliant beauty. It was dazzling—bawling—bawling—they didn't think Elinor Aubrey was so handsome.

And the bridegroom, Mr. Angus Bartol, if he was not as handsome as Hubert Denver, whom they once supposed to be Miss Aubrey's choice, looked well, and was in possession of a princely fortune, and would, no doubt, make a first-rate husband. He certainly looked pleased and well satisfied.

A carriage was in waiting at the door, which was entered by the newly wedded pair, as soon after the performance of the ceremony as the bride could exchange her rich robes for an appropriate travelling dress.

Fifteen minutes after the carriage left the door a missive was put into the hand of Florine Melmond. It said:

"You already know that you have been defrauded of what rightfully belonged to you, by one, who up to this time, has been known by the name of Elinor Aubrey. She will be known by it no longer, being now married to Angus Bartol, the millionaire, who will surround her with greater splendour than she has ever yet enjoyed. Nothing has been concealed from him, and early to-morrow morning she will sail with him for other and distant lands, whence Mrs. Bartol intends never to return."

"See," said Florine, handing the note to her husband, "how smooth and easy the path is made before us." C. O.

THE PARENTS OF BURNS.

The parents of Robert Burns were poor. They were born poor, they lived poor, they died poor. His father, William Burness, the son of a farmer, and one of a family of seven children, went out into the world in early manhood, with empty pockets, seeking his fortune, which never came. He went to Edinburgh, where he managed to save up a little money, which was dutifully sent to his parents. Then he became a gardener in Ayrshire, and finally took a lease of seven acres of land at Alloway, near the bridge of Doon, and upon this land he built with his own hands a clay cottage. To this cottage he brought his newly married wife, who was ten or twelve years younger than himself.

She was the daughter of a farmer in Carrick, and her maiden name was Agnes Brown. Her mother died when she was nine years old, and the care of four younger children was thrown upon her. There were servants on the farm, but their services were so valuable that they could not be spared for nursery work. She had been taught to read the Bible, and to recite the Psalms, by a weaver, who kept young scholars beside his loom as he worked, but now her schooling came to an end. She could not write—to the day of her death the mother of Robert Burns could not write her name. When her much-married father married again she went to live with her dead mother's mother, who, when she was particularly pleased with her doings at the wheel, used to give her for lunch a piece of white bread and a piece of brown bread, both being made of varieties of one kind of oatmeal.

William Burness met her at a fair, courted her vigorously for a twelvemonth, and married her, a lass of twenty-five. Her figure was small and neat, her complexion fine, her hair a pale red, and her eyes dark and beautiful. She had a cheerful disposition, and a budget of old songs and ballads which she sang to her children, and sang well too. William Burness was a poor man, and the children which came to him increased while they brightened his poverty. He determined that they should have an education, and sent Robert to school in his sixth

year. A few years later he undertook to teach him and his brother Gilbert himself. He was a wise man, in his simple way; he treated his boys as if they were men, and lightened their labours on the farm by entertaining and instructive conversation. Burns was alive to the necessity of learning, and to the thoughtful anxiety of his father, who in turn was alive to his genius. "Whoever may live to see it," he said to his wife, "something extraordinary will come from that boy."

They were a happy family. The parents loved each other, and the children; and the children loved each other, and their parents. William Burness was a grave man; not averse to innocent gaiety, but naturally of a religious turn of mind. Christianity was the rule of his household. He was the sire with patriarchal grace whom Burns has painted so lovingly in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and the three tunes that the Cotter's family sang were the only tunes that he knew. The years went on, and the elder children grew up. They removed to Mount Oliphant and to Lookies, but prosperity avoided them.

The tall, thin figure of the old man was bowed, and his scanty locks were gray. He went about his work wearily, but cheerfully. One day he came home from sowing, worn out from fatigue. He had used all the threshed-up grain, and more was needed for the horses' dinner. He must see to it. His wife insisted that he should rest, and taking her maid-servant with her went to the barn, where the two soon had the corn for the horses threshed and winnowed. He took to his bed one winter day, and rose no more. His daughter Isabella remembered being present at his bedside the morning he died, with her brother Robert, and that she wept bitterly. Her father endeavoured to speak, but could only murmur a few words, such as were suitable for a child, enjoining her to walk in virtue's paths, and to shun every vice. He paused a moment, and said there was one member of the family whose future conduct he feared. He repeated the remark, and Robert came to his bedside, and said, "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" The dying man said it was. He turned to the window, the tears streamed down his manly cheeks, and his bosom swelled as if it would burst.

When the pious soul of William Burness had departed his body was taken back to Ayr. The coffin was arranged between two bearing horses, placed one after the other, and, followed by relatives and neighbours on horseback, it was carried to Alloway kirkyard. Mrs. Burness outlived her husband thirty-six years, dying in 1820, at the age of eighty-eight.

NEW WINDOW IN THE GUILDHALL.—Another new window has been placed in the Guildhall. It is the gift of Mr. Deputy M'Dougall. The upper lights form a representation of King Edward VI. on his way to Westminster to be crowned, passing Saddlers' Hall, Cheapside, on the 19th of February, 1547, the masters, wardens, and liverymen of the company in their robes occupying stands in front of the hall. The lower lights show Sir Henry Picard, knight, merchant vintner, of Gascoigne, who served the office of Lord Mayor in 1556, receiving Edward III., King of England, John of France, Magnus II. of Denmark, and the King of Cyprus, at Queenhithe, previously to entertaining them at the Mansion in the Vintry, in 1563. In the tracery of the window are interwoven the arms of the donor and those of the Saddlers' Company. The window shows, by inscription, how it found its way to where it now is. It is generally admired.

COTTON DEMAND AND PRODUCTION.—According to a contemporary the present annual consumption of cotton by the mills of the manufacturing world is in round numbers 2,500,000,000 lbs. Of this amount the United States work up 500,000,000 lbs., the United Kingdom, 1,200,000,000 lbs., and Continental Europe, 800,000,000 lbs. The present annual supply to the countries manufacturing cotton is:—By the United States (the total crop), 1,450,000,000; East Indies, 620,000,000 lbs.; Brazil, 50,000,000 lbs.; Egypt, 210,000,000 lbs.; other countries, 70,000,000 lbs.; total, 2,500,000,000 lbs. This may be regarded as the normal demand and supply of cotton. As to the prospects of the immediate future, the supply to manufacturing countries during the coming year ending September 30, 1874, is at present advices estimated as follows:—The United States, 1,800,000,000 lbs.; other countries, 1,050,000,000 lbs.; total, 2,850,000,000 lbs. This is predicted on the basis of a normal supply from other countries, and an increase of the American crop from 1,700,000,000 lbs. in the year ending September 30, 1873, to 1,800,000,000 lbs. this year. The demand is estimated as follows:—The United States, 550,000,000 lbs.; Europe, 2,150,000,000 lbs.; total, 2,700,000,000 lbs. This is predicted on the basis of an increased consumption in the United States of 10 per cent., and in Europe of 5 per cent. on that of the preceding

year. Should these estimates prove well-founded, there will be an over supply in 1874 amounting to no less than 150,000,000 lbs.

EARLY RISING.

So simple a matter as when one should go to bed, and when he should get would do not at first sight appear worthy of much consideration. But it has been a fruitful theme from the earliest days, and given rise to wise saws, thrifty proverbs, and many scraps of essays. With some early rising has become almost a morality, with others a laughing-stock.

Such discussions must belong to the great intermediate zones, for during the months of polar darkness the very term early becomes obsolete, while during months of sunlight without a night it is early all the while. But in the temperate zones early and late are respectable terms, having some relation to facts.

In favour of late rising it is urged that, in many places, the morning hours are as unhealthy as evening. This is true in malarial regions. The sun needs to stir the air and dissipate the heavy mists and poison-bearing strata of air near the earth before it is safe for those of slender health to expose themselves. In such regions it is not wise to sleep on the ground floor. Many statements have been made of the marked difference in liability to disease between those who slept near the earth, when the air was heavy with vapour, and those who slept in the second storey. Indeed, with few exceptions of dwellings on gravel soil, it may be said to be always healthier to use the upper chambers for sleeping.

Early rising is impossible for an increasing class of men whose labours carry them late into night hours. Watchmen, policemen, railway men on night trains, navigators, printers on morning journals, nurses, physicians, hotel and restaurant servants, drivers, etc. They must take their sleep when they can get it.

Men are obliged to conform to the customs which business has established. It may be far better for London to work by day and sleep at night. But if one is born and reared in London, where controlling affairs have established the custom of doing night work, what can he do? He must go out of society or conform. Parliament does not convene until dark, and seldom gets to important business before ten at night. If men must sit up till past midnight then they must sleep late in the morning.

But, on the other hand, where there are no reasons of climate, and where the imperative customs of society do not compel late work, and so late sleeping, early rising is greatly advantageous. If a man's habits are good, and his health vigorous, the early morning hours ought to be the very best for brain-work. This is not true of half-invalids, nor of those who habitually do thirty hours' work in twenty-four. Sleep, in such cases, relaxes the nerve, and the waking hour is one of dismal distress, and not till excitement has given tension again will the mind work well. But in healthy men, working within due limits, one ought to have his best thoughts at waking. An hour before rising one can lay out his day's work clearly; can disentangle and solve difficulties which puzzled his tired brain overnight; can plan literary work, and exercise his best discrimination. A heated brain, doing night-work may secure more fancy, and more passion, but good judgment and inventiveness and order come with the cool of the morning.

There are peculiar advantages to a man living in the city, in early morning work. He may be sure that the great body of his neighbours are late risers, and that he will have several hours, and the best ones, without interruption, before others are awake. The best work of the day may be completed before others are out of bed, and before he will be distracted by calls, consultations, or the execution of distracting details of business. To lawyers, teachers, physicians, clergymen, and to all literary men, this is an immense gain. In our own case we may bear witness that pretty much all our real thinking, during forty years, has been done before ten o'clock in the morning. The question of working before breakfast is another matter. Some work better before, and some can do nothing.

The custom of many French physicians seems to us perfect. They are awakened early, say at five or six, and find coffee and rolls waiting them. Then they write till ten or eleven, take breakfast, and go out for practice till six, then dine, and spend the evening either in social relaxations or in reading.

Of course there will be special conditions which will prevent many from the best course, and oblige them to take up with the second best. But it will be a great gain if men will agree that the best hours are the early hours, and secure them as far as circumstances will permit.

H. W. B.

NOVEL TEMPERANCE SCHEME.—At a meeting of the Edinburgh Council Dr. Sutherland brought forward and explained at some length a motion for the

suppression of drunkenness by the licensing of every individual who consumes intoxicating drinks. The motion was negatived by twelve votes to nine.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they only can be induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as best we can.

GRATEFUL FOR ONE THING.

THERE is one thing that farmers at least are grateful for, and that is rain. After a long drought, when everything is dried and parched, and many things are dead, and many more are nearly dead, then if the windows of heaven are opened and the waters descend, the heart of the farmer—albeit it does not leap up very often—leaps up with joy and warms with gratitude.

A wet season people do not feel nearly as grateful for rain as they do a dry one. Why? Simply because it is only by being temporarily deprived of blessings that they learn how to prize them and fully to appreciate them.

After a long drought the entire incapacity of man to supply what Nature withhold is realized; our dependence on Providence is felt; and there is a general disposition to look upon the rain when it is sent as a direct gift and blessing from heaven; so it softens and enriches and nourishes and improves the human heart as well as the fields. The most stony-hearted farmers are grateful for the rain, and it is well there is something which everybody can be grateful for.

SCIENCE.

NAILS.—The manufacture of cast-iron nails and shoe pins is peculiar to South Staffordshire, although, curiously enough, the demand for one description, known as lath nails, is almost entirely for Scotland. The smallest nail made is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in length, and of these a good workman will mould upwards of 750,000 in a day. The largest measure 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and of these a good day's work is about 52,000. The yearly production of cast nails is about 1,000 tons.

THE Bessemer saloon steamer may be expected to be ready for service before the end of the autumn, and if the double-hulled "Castalia" will astonish the good people of Calais when she comes alongside their pier, what will they say to a gigantic vessel 350 feet long, driven twenty miles an hour by two pairs of paddles? This will be a change indeed, and one for which the names of Mr. Bessemer and Mr. Reed will be blessed by every landsman. Even taking into account all the objections which have been urged against her, there is no doubt that the Bessemer boat will prove a great success. Her intended draught is 7 ft. 6 in.; the Calais mud will not allow her another inch.

JAPANESE LACQUER.—The well-known and much-admired Japan lacquer-work, the secrets of which were supposed to be known only to the Easterns, has been successfully reproduced, or rather imitated, in Holland. The lacquer is prepared from Zanzibar copal, coloured black with Indian ink. The articles are painted with several coats of this lacquer, in which the pieces of mother-of-pearl or other substances used for ornamentation are placed before it becomes hard. The lacquer is then dried by placing the articles in a heated oven or furnace, after which another coat of lacquer is applied, and when dry smoothed with pumice, which is repeated until all cracks are filled up, and the surface has become perfectly smooth, when the whole is polished, or rather burnished, with tripoli.

IRON IN GREECE.—According to an official report from Syra, a considerable quantity of iron ore has been shipped from the Island of Seriphos for England by the Hellenic Metallurgic Mining Company. The first shipment was made in 1872, and up to the end of October last seven steamers had traded about 8,000 tons of this ore for Newcastle, where it is said to have been successfully smelted at the Royal Greek Ironworks, erected near that town, and to have given 64 per cent. of excellent metal. The quality of the Seriphos iron ore is said to be equal, if not superior, to the best Swedish or Spanish ores. A consignment of about 500 or 600 tons has been shipped from Seriphos for Konni, in order to make the experiment of smelting it with the coal found at that place.

BLEACHING IVORY AND BONES.—The curators of the Anatomical Museum of the *Jardin des Plantes* have found that spirits of turpentine is very efficacious in removing the disagreeable odour and fatty emanations of bones or ivory, while it leaves them beautifully bleached. The articles should be

exposed in the fluid for three or four days in the sun, or a little longer if in the shade. They should rest upon strips of zinc, so as to be a fraction of an inch above the bottom of the glass vessel employed. The turpentine acts as an oxidizing agent, and the product of the combustion is an acid liquor which sinks to the bottom, and strongly attacks the bones if they be allowed to touch it. The action of the turpentine is not confined to bones and ivory, but extends to wood of various varieties, especially beech, maple, elm and cork.

STEEL RAILS.—It is said that several of the French railway companies are adopting steel rails. The Eastern Company has laid on a portion of its system rails of the Vignoles type, of Bessemer steel, weighing 38 kilogrammes per metre. The Northern Company has adopted a rail weighing 30 kilogrammes, 300 per metre, for its entire system. The Southern Company is being supplied with rails of 38 kilogrammes per metre. The lines of the Western Company are also largely laid with steel. Two principal advantages, it is stated, result from the substitution of steel for iron. The steel rails are worn away gradually and evenly, whereas the iron are often rendered useless before having lost any considerable portion of their weight. The best iron rails cannot resist a traffic greater than 20 millions of tons (in some cases not more than 14 millions). The steel rails may last a time corresponding to a traffic of 200 millions of tons.

HYDROPHOBIA A NERVOUS DISEASE.—Some medical men consider that hysteria may simulate hydrophobia very cleverly. One gentleman instances a case—that of an hospital nurse—where a copious application of the dreaded fluid cured the patient. Not long after this, the same medical man was called in to see a lady who really was suffering most acutely from a dread of the terrible malady. She was in a highly nervous state, for several of her husband's dogs had been bitten, gone mad, and attacked in their turn various animals on the farm, amongst others one whose milk her little baby had been drinking, so she imagined that the child and herself were both liable to the disease. The doctor was exceedingly patient with her, and said that the nervous and hysterical symptoms were in her case so strong that, in all probability, had she not been with persons who knew that she could not have contracted the malady, she might have been treated for it, and have sunk under the medicines given her.

To ascertain the amount of damage exerted by a torpedo at long range, an experiment was made on Thursday, at Portsmouth, on the old hull of the "Oberon," which has been handed over to the Royal Engineers for this purpose. The plates fitted to the ship are of the same strength as those of the "Hercules." A torpedo containing a charge of 500 lbs. of compound gun-cotton, was moored rather more than a hundred feet distant from the "Oberon," and some fifty feet below the surface. On being fired by a galvanic battery, a spout of water was thrown up in the air for a hundred feet, and slowly a vast wave surged forward from the point of the explosion, and by force of impact violently shook the "Oberon." On examination but slight damage was found to have been caused, but till the ship is docked it is scarcely possible to state exactly what has been the extent of the effect of the torpedo. It is intended to let the torpedo approach nearer and nearer to the hull till the "Oberon" finally falls a victim to engineering science.

ANT-ANTS.—Corrosive sublimate, it is said, has the most remarkable effect upon ants, especially the variety of insect described as living upon fungi found on leaves of trees. The powder, strewed in dry weather across their path, seems to drive every ant which touches it crazy. The insect runs wildly about and fiercely attacks its fellows. The news soon travels to the rest, and the fighting members of the community, huge fellows some three quarters of an inch in length, make their appearance with a determined air, as if the obstacle would be speedily overcome by their efforts. As soon, however, as they have touched the sublimate all the stateliness leaves them; they rush about; their legs are seized hold of by some of the smaller ants already affected by the poison, and they themselves begin to bite, and in a short time become the centres of balls of rabid ants. As these insects destroy vegetation in immense quantities, it is probable that this extraordinary remedy may be of considerable service to agriculturists.

GAS PIPES FATAL TO TREES.—Cuttings of willow, the lower ends of which were placed in flasks containing a little water and filled with coal gas, developed only short roots, and the buds on the upper parts died shortly after unfolding in the air. Of ten plants in pots (varieties of fuchsia and salvia), among the roots of which coal gas was conducted through openings in the bottoms of the pots, seven died in four months. To show that the plants were killed, not by the direct action of the gas, but in consequence of the poisoning of the soil, several experiments were made with earth, through which coal gas had passed for two or three hours

daily for two and a half years. The rootlets of seeds sown in this soil remained very short, and soon rotted. A plant of *dracœna* was re-plotted in the soil; in ten days the leaves dried up and the roots died. It is thought that these results sufficiently account for the fact that trees planted near gas pipes in streets so often die. We recommend the enclosing of gas pipes in wider tubes, having openings to the air, and through which currents could be maintained by artificial means. Such a plan is still more to be recommended on hygienic grounds, since it has been shown, by Pettenkofer, that infiltration of coal gas through the soil takes place even into houses not supplied with gas.

PREPARATION OF ETHER.—The most efficacious process is to heat to 140 deg. a mixture of 9 parts sulphuric acid at 66 deg. B., and 5 to 90 per cent. alcohol, alcohol being allowed to run in so that the level remains constant. By direct firing the vessel is apt to be destroyed, and accidents are rendered likely through the inflammability and volatility of the ether; superheated steam is far more safe as a means of heating, though a little more costly. Iron vessels lined with lead appear to be preferable to copper or leadlined copper vessels. When the operation is properly conducted, 68 per cent. of ether (sp. gr. 0.73) is obtained. For 100 lbs. of ether, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sulphuric acid is required. The crude ether is washed with water and rectified. This washing and rectification may, however, be dispensed with by passing the vapours first through a jacketed receiver, the jacket of which contains water at about 35 deg. (alcohol and water condense in this, but not ether), and next through purifiers containing lumps of quicklime and trays of charcoal or coke soaked in caustic soda and well dried, whereby sulphur dioxide is removed. The purification simultaneously with the preparation is, however, open to several practical objections. The conditions of success and of a good yield consist in keeping the temperature constant, and the flow of alcohol regular.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOIL ON CHOLERA AND OTHER DISEASES.—The influence of different kinds of soil in assisting or retarding the progress of cholera has been discussed at a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences. M. Decaisne, following in the steps of Herr Pettenkofer, of Munich, has been engaged in making researches on the subject and the results of his investigations show at any rate a curious coincidence between certain kinds of soil and the spread of the disease. For the purpose of proving the correctness of his theory, M. Decaisne has applied himself to the examination of the sanitary conditions of three large towns of France—Lyons, Versailles and Paris. It is well known that the two first-named cities have always resisted the attacks of cholera. The disease has never laid strong hold upon them, and M. Decaisne not unnaturally seeks for some explanation of this comparative immunity which these towns have enjoyed. On the other hand Paris yields itself an easy prey to the ravages of the epidemic, and seems rather to attract than to repel its visitations. Accepting these well-established facts, M. Decaisne finds what he conceives to be their explanation in the different character of the soil underlying the three towns. Versailles is built on a bed of clay, impervious to water; Lyons stands upon granite; while Paris is constructed upon a porous foundation. Of course M. Decaisne does not attribute the presence of cholera to this fact alone, but his arguments are directed to show that it may act as a powerful influence.

RAIN WATER IMPURITIES.—In cases where rainfall forms the chief or only source of water supply householders are recommended to adopt the following precautions: Generally it will be found convenient to store rain falling on the roof in an underground tank, formed of brick or concrete, puddled outside with clay and covered inside with Portland cement. But care must be taken that the down spouts conducting the rainfall to the tank do not drain either zinc roofs or lead flats. Even on tile or slate covered roofs the water will have passed over lead flashings, ridges, hips and valley, charging it with a small percentage of lead, but not more than one-twentieth of a grain to the gallon. With a greater proportion than this water becomes dangerous to use, being more or less poisonous. Since rain acquires certain impurities, even while passing through the air, it should always be carefully filtered before being used for drinking or cooking purposes. In the case of a house supplied with an underground receptacle, filtration could be easily managed by placing an earth filter on the delivery side of the down spout, at its exit from the tank. Rain water can be so completely filtered through earth as to remove all impurities. Whenever rain water is stored for drinking purposes the caves of the roof, troughs and down spouts should be enamelled, and the supply ought to be carried to the tank through glazed earthenware pipes. This prevents leading

but other deleterious ingredients will still remain. In manufacturing towns, soot, oil and sulphuric acid form some constituents of rain water. Generally speaking, rain water should be excluded from the kitchen, although extremely useful in laundries and conservatories.

THE SWEET SISTERS OF INCHVARRA; OR, THE VAMPIRE OF THE GUILLAMORES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It seemed a strange and mournful thing in the eyes of Vara and Kenelm that in spite of the pleasure they took in each other's society, and the extraordinary precautions they took to prevent any treacherous influence to work upon their health, that they each continued to grow steadily weaker each day after their first meeting.

With all the vigour he was master of had Kenelm, in conjunction with Mrs. St. Columb, pursued the search for Aileen and her abductor; but as yet there had been no trace whatever.

Gradually he had ceased to push the search, as his frame succumbed more and more to his mysterious malady; gradually he had given up his gay haunts; slowly and too surely he had come to look upon himself as a dying man—his sister as a dying woman; and the one strong wish of his soul grew in magnitude until it had now become a passion against which he had no power to fight—the wish to make his lovely and admirable friend, Mrs. St. Columb, his wife.

She had betrayed more deeply than ever before her love for him on the occasion spoken of in the last chapter, when Vara's song had proved the "open sesame" to more hearts than one—and he had departed elated with the conviction that her compassion would conquer her ere long.

On the part of Vara, however, there was no such clear perception of her condition. Mrs. St. Columb was much too wise a friend not to buoy her up with hope, even when the signs of decay were but too visible to outside eyes; and the young girl was now unconsciously nearing the dark valley with her eyes fixed on the bright flowers of hope and love which her hands might never grasp.

And now came the coup d'état. The very evening following that already adverted to a scene took place which we beg our fair and courteous readers to lay to heart, for it is a picture they will return to with curious scrutiny afterwards, and if it is painted with pre-Raphaelistic minuteness, it is but to stamp it the more clearly upon the memory.

Vara, after her dreadful night, had felt altogether too ill to bear the excitement of meeting Lord John this succeeding evening, and so she was being petted in the drawing-room by Mrs. St. Columb and Mr. Gilmore; the vexed lover having been forced to depart, leaving his duty at the door of paradise.

A fever of love and unrest was in Kenelm's heart, and whether consciously or unconsciously Mrs. St. Columb kept it ever surging higher by her devoted ministrations to the invalid girl and her chill sadness towards himself.

"I can bear this no longer!" muttered Kenelm, seizing the tender hand which had been smoothing Vara's aching brow, and his burning, fevered lips drank of its cool softness.

She looked at him with a choking sigh.

"You are breaking my heart," whispered she.

"You are a cruel friend!"

"I will be no friend!" returned Kenelm, aloud, and he crushed her fingers in his grasp.

Mrs. St. Columb glanced with some alarm at Mrs. Outram, who on this occasion was rather wakeful than otherwise, and then said, coldly:

"Follow me to the conservatory. This must end."

The pair passed through a marble arch, separated from the drawing-room by folding-doors, into the wide, cool conservatory, which was lit only by the moon to-night, for the lady was receiving no company this evening.

They were alone with the glowing flowers, and the white and gleaming marble Nixie, poised itself among the spray of the fountain which flamed diamonds in the slant, pale beams.

She turned on him in the heart of this odorous jungle of sweets, and her face shone wan and saintly, though her frown would well become a Cleopatra.

Never had Kenelm thought her so resistless. She was floating in a sort of crystallized cloud of snow—that royal diamond blazed like a living rill upon her half-enveloped bosom, a cincture of brilliant hung loosely from her waist, she was all frosty snow and flashing fire.

"Oh, lady! why—why do you deny me yourself?" cried Kenelm.

At that moment he could have leaped with joy.

"You are breaking my heart," repeated Mrs. St.

Columb, striving to speak coldly, but scarcely succeeding. "Are you going to banish me from your—your own beloved presence?"

A deep sob choked her utterance. She gazed at him in sweet and sad complaining, and pressed her hand to her heart, as if to still its fierce throbbing.

"What harm can it do to make me happy?" returned Kenelm, hotly. "You love me, Christabel—by all that is holy, you do."

She tottered and would have fallen—he caught her in his arms—she uttered a despairing cry as if she felt the last vestige of her firmness slipping from her, and then she yielded, half-fainting, to his delirious kiss.

Suddenly she released herself, but it was only to throw her arms with a wild passion about his neck, and to strain him convulsively to the heart which had hungered for him so long.

"Yes, I love you—yes, I love you!" she whispered, "and since my love must destroy us both, let us be happy first."

He listened in a trance of rapture and defiance of any power, however malignant.

"Since you love me," he cried, "I must live! I shall live! Death! Destruction! I defy them both! Let us fly to the ends of the earth, my beloved, and be lost for ever to your enemies."

She trembled from head to foot, and a wild smile crossed her convulsed features. Not rapture, but despair, was chiselled there.

"Oh, Heaven!" she muttered, "how I adore this man! Kenelm," she whispered, laying her cheek to his. "I dreamed last night of this—this scene. It terrified me, for I felt that destiny had foredoomed us both. Talk not of escaping from our ruin—if you love me it is better than my life—better than your own, and my beloved—"

His arm loosened from about her, and a faint groan issued from his lips as a cold moisture started out on his brow.

"Are you ill?" exclaimed Mrs. St. Columb, quickly, and she snatched from her pocket a vial, containing an aromatic liquid, with which she sprinkled him, looking wildly for help.

"Do not be alarmed," murmured the young man, deeply mortified at this untimely exhibition of his illness, "it is but a momentary faintness—it—"

He passed his hand across his ghastly face, and half reeled.

The lady sprang to the fountain, and, dipping her lace handkerchief in the cool water, darted back to him and pressed it to his forehead, while an alarmed cry broke from her lips.

Suddenly the cry was answered by a crash; a door in the crystal wall near them was dashed open—a light flashed across the pallid moonbeams, and one of Mrs. St. Columb's maids rushed in, holding in her hand a taper, and crying "Madame! madame!" while she looked distractedly among the gorgeous blossoms for her mistress.

"What is the matter, Gita?" cried Mrs. St. Columb, in alarm, springing away from Kenelm.

"Fly, fly!" ejaculated the girl, in German, a language which he fortunately understood; "they have traced you again—they are here—they are in the salon—I have come, hoping to be in time—"

"Ay, lady!" thundered a voice behind them in the same language.

Mrs. St. Columb turned with a shriek.

The folding-doors were wide open, and a group of men were standing on the marble steps.

Kenelm, flinging his illness to the winds, threw himself before the lady, to defend her if needs be.

The intruder seized him by the throat with a brawny arm, and hurled him backward among the shrubs, breaking some dozen porcelain pots, while his companions surrounded the lady, not touching her but quietly separating her from her friends.

Gita flew to the folding-doors, closed, and looked them.

"What outrage is this upon a defenceless lady?" exclaimed Kenelm, as soon as he could find his tongue; and again he advanced, with the fire of chivalrous devotion in his pale face.

At the sound of his voice Mrs. St. Columb started from her attitude of horror, and waved him back, almost with a gesture of remorse.

"Leave me, most generous and faithful friend," said she, with the thrill of bitter regret and woe in her voice; "the end has come, and you and I must meet no more. Fly, while I have power to befriend you."

"The gentleman must not go, madame," said the man who had used him so roughly, a huge fellow, wearing a foreign uniform, which his ample travelling-cloak partly concealed.

"Must not, Von Gorlitz?" echoed the lady, in a tone of marked surprise, while she drew her majestic figure to its full height, and fixed her eagle eye haughtily upon the speaker. "Must not? And if I say that he shall go unquestioned, what then, your excellency?"

"But, madame—but, madame," stammered the foreigner, "he is guilty of treasonable—"
 "Silence!" cried Mrs. St. Columb, with the look and accent of an empress. "He knows nothing—has plotted nothing. He shall go unmolested. Stand aside!"

She motioned the men aside who hemmed her in with such regal command in her flashing glance that, involuntarily as it were, they obeyed, bending almost to the ground as she swept past them.

Then she gave her hand to the amazed Guillamore, who had not lost a word of what had been said, and who could only clutch the velvet flangers in a fearful and desperate grasp; and she looked in his eyes with her own full of despairing love.

"We must part, my love—my dear!" she whispered in English, and her heart seemed fluttering in her throat; "but, oh! take this with you whatever befalls—Christabel never loved man but you!"

"Madame," muttered the German noble, in a choking voice, "this man must be dealt with for conspiring against the royal House of—"

"He knows nothing!" returned the lady, vehemently.

"For stealing the affections of the archduchess—"

"Silence, dull idiot!" interrupted the lady, sternly; "have I not told you that he knows not who has won his heart?"

"Great Heaven!" faltered Kenelm. "An archduchess? Oh, Christabel!"

She gave him a look of agony, and wrung his hand. "You see now how wild was our dream of happiness!" she wailed.

"Wild indeed!" echoed the young man, almost bewildered.

She turned once more to the official.

"Baron Von Gorlitz," said she, in her rapid German, "I give you my royal word that this gentleman is innocent of ambitious desires or political intrigues in seeking my society; he never knew until you in your insolent anger betrayed the secret this moment who or what the woman was who allowed his approaches."

Then she turned to Kenelm, and in English she murmured, sadly:

"Forgive me my ill-fated love! I see now how cruel I have been! Oh, why did I not fly your presence, as I did when we met in Malta? Or why, since the death of the broken-hearted awaits me—and alas! I fear you also!—why did I not make you happy sooner? You understand now that the unknown being you once wounded by suspicion was a hapless princess of royal blood, who, being doomed by her house to marry an aged Eastern monarch, whom she detested as half a heathen, half a barbarian, fled from her lofty position, resolved to bury herself for ever from her persecutors. You will understand now my disguises of name and the mysteries you sneered at; and while wondering at the strange history you will forgive and pity the hapless Feodora!"

She poured these words out in an agitated and rushing whisper, yet each word was clearly enunciated, and fell indelibly into the heart of her lover.

Frozen with amazement, pity, despair, he looked and listened, while the fairest fabric of hope that love ever painted crashed at his feet a heap of ruins.

As in a dream he lifted her cold hand to his lips and pressed it closely, fondly, wildly there, until it was withdrawn with a last convulsive clasp, and the lady turned to her discoverers.

Upon this the baron approached him, and in rough and broken English ordered him to pass his word that this affair should be kept secret, for the sake of the archduchess no less than for his own; as were the members of the court from which she had fled to hear a whisper of the scandal his life (Guillamore's) would not be worth a week's purchase.

"His serene and imperial highness, her proposed bridegroom, has as yet been happily kept in ignorance of madame's flight," the baron explained. "She is now believed to be in religious seclusion in a convent, and if there is ever a hint to the contrary, mark you, Mr. Englishman, we shall know to what source to trace it."

So saying, he bowed to the maid, who was, at her mistress's commands, unlocking the doors; and surrounded by her jealous attendants she slowly left the conservatory by the door which Gita had dashed open, and which led by a covered corridor to her private suite of apartments.

At the threshold she turned, the moonlight flooding her perfect face and gleaming white garments, and with a strange look at her lover she said, slowly: "Adieu till our spirits meet; and mark you, beloved—mine will soon be seeking yours in the spirit-land!"

And she was gone.

For ever?

Kenelm looked vacantly about the deserted vistas

of drooping blossoms, and a flame of whirling agony shot up in his brain.

He threw his hands up, reeled, and fell, as if shot, by the marble basin of the fountain, insensible.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is hoped that our amiable readers have not forgotten our humble friends, Shane and Katy Guillamore, in the more stately society of the noble personages whose fortunes we have been following; and that they will not be averse to turning from the princess to the peasant for a short time.

We left Shane bobbing up and down in the cold arms of old Ocean, and we think that some soft heart must have been longing to have the worthy fellow looked after and chided us for our delay.

Shane's last look at the "Evangeline" showed him a line of faces peering over the bulwarks, and it cannot be denied that he regretted sincerely this hasty step in jumping overboard, as the cold brine washed into his mouth and his body began to get chilled through and through.

It will be remembered, however, that one of the sailors flung over a buoy, and this he was fortunate enough to get hold of. He could not swim a foot but he held on to the buoy, and managed to work his heavy brogues off his feet, and so found he could keep his head above water.

When the boat returned to look for him, he was drifting away with the wind far to the eastward, and his cries were unheard.

With agony of soul he saw the boat row back to the ship, and knew that he was given up for lost.

Then poor Shane lost heart, and with bitter tears said all his prayers and sat not a few after Katy, wherever she might be, and resigning himself to death, knew no more.

When next he became sensible it was to behold a pair of misty blue eyes sweetly looking at him, and a halo of bright hair flowing round a saint-like head.

Shane looked round in ludicrous amazement.

"Faix, and where is it I am at all at all?" whispered he. "An' isn't it that I'm dead, an' with an angel after all?"

He found himself lying among a lot of the brightest and softest of women's gear you ever saw in such a place—which was the bottom of an old boat; with a big, dark man, and a wee, white lady for sole companions, out on the bounding ocean, with the moon shining bright overhead.

The man was rowing like a champion oarsman on a two-mile heat, and the lady was on her knees beside the half-drowned one, pouring some brandy out of a flask into a silver cup, and raising his head up so that he might drink.

"This looks loike as if I wor livin' yet, any way!" said the poor fellow. "Ugh! How much salt wather is inside of me I wonder?"

"How do you find yourself?" inquired she of the saintly face, bending over him with a smile on her lips sweet enough to arouse all the love in a man's nature.

"Troth, yer ladyship, not much to boast on," replied Shane.

He was very sore. Needle-like pains were pricking him all over, and he was quaking with a sense of deathly cold.

"Give him a good dose—it's the best thing he can have," growled the dark man, toiling away at his oars.

"A good what, please?" said the lady, looking over her shoulder, like a saucy, white-breasted pigeon. "If you'd speak English, I should know better what it is you would be at."

"Or Irish," retorted the oarsman. "Give him a dhrop o' potheen, shure."

"Hurroo!" cried Shane, his heart warming at the bare mention of the dear, familiar word.

So the pretty lady slipped her arm again under his neck, and, raising his head, poured a generous quantity of brandy down his throat, and dried his brine-washed face with the daintiest of handkerchiefs, and wrung the water out of his hair.

You may be sure that under this highly gratifying treatment the gallant young Irishman began to feel his spirits returning to him, and to turn with fresh avidity to the life which he had so nearly thrown away; and by the time his rescuers deemed it time to ask him any questions he was ready to give a full account of himself.

"Shure, yer ladyship, and you, sur, too, yer honour, I was only a poor bye, workin' for my livin' at the peat-turf and potaty patch, with Katy, the bit of a lass, to keep me and the house tidy, and not an enemy in the world, as far as we knowed; and there wor a secret society got up in our place—bad luck to it, and may its leader choke on hemp some day—an' what does they contrive but that they should pretend I wor one of them, and had played the traitor—me that niver wint near them; an' didn't they come one night and burn the little cabin over our heads, an' stand wid their cocked

pistols to shoot us loike dumb brutes, if we should choose that rather than roasting alive; an' didn't they scatter our home to the four winds, an' belie our names, till our bones would have been cursed, if they could have found them? May Heaven's avenging arm reach out afther them for that same!"

During the recital of his wrongs poor Shane had gradually raised himself from his recumbent attitude until he was kneeling, with his hands clenched, his pale face upturned to the majestic heavens, his eyes burning with wrath, his voice, now broken with sorrow, now ringing with vengeance, rising until at the last word he stopped with almost a shriek, and shook his head wildly in the face of the stars. Then his head sank on his breast, he covered his face, and sobbed aloud.

Shivering with sympathetic sorrow, Aileen listened in wonder, while Captain Sherrard leaned upon his oars and looked at the lad thoughtfully.

"And how did you escape?" cried Aileen, breathlessly. Shane dried his eyes and sadly continued:

"As luck 'ud have it, I had got a sort of a wink of the business a day or two beforehand, an' I found a hole in the rocks behind the cot, where we hid whin the murderers lit the thatch, an' from there we got out of the place and thravelled all the ways to Queenstown, Katy an' me, wid a handful of money we had laid by, hopin' to get a passage out somewhere where the villians wouldn't find us; and so we did this mornin' on board a ship called the 'Evangeline,' and we wor just risin' the ladders whin—whin somebody got a hold of Katy, or she was shoved overboard; for from that moment I niver set eyes on her afther; and whin I saw she wasn't aboard I axed the captain to put me ashore, or to send me back in a boat, for I knew she was in the hands of our enemies; but he wouldn't, and in desperation I jumped overboard, determin'd to swim as far as I could for Katy, and then die whin it was Heaven's will."

"Brave—brave fellow!" cried the pretty lady, with her cheeks white and tears in her eyes. "I am so glad we found you! And we'll do all we can to help you find your wife—won't we, Charlie?"

Charlie stooped forward and tied the tassels of her soft fur cloak more closely round her milk-white throat before he answered:

"Yes; but it's a queer story."

"Quare enough, yer honour!" said Shane; "but the lady has made a triffin' mistake. Katy was my sister, and as honest a girlsen as iver wor, Hiven preserve her whoe'er she is this night! Shane an' Kathleen Guillamore war our names, sir."

"Guillamore!" cried Aileen.

"Guillamore!" echoed Sherrard.

"That is the name, sir," responded Shane, rather alarmed. "May I make so bold as to ask if you or her ladyship have iver heard anythin' agen it?"

"No, no," said Aileen.

Then she whispered to her companion, and the two conferred together for some time, while the rescued one watched them anxiously, wondering if any new misfortune were going to happen, and more than half repenting his own candour.

At last said the dark man:

"Did you ever hear of the Guillamores who live at Varra, in the Castle of Inchvarra?"

"Faith, sir, it's meself has niver heard the sound of their names before this night."

"They are friends of ours, and we thought perhaps you might be a relative," said Aileen.

"We niver heard tell of any relative, yer ladyship, barrin the Maguires on the mother's side; only they say we wasn't always Irish, for that the first Irishman wor a Frenchman, 'an took his wife's name of Guillamore; that's the talk in our family, miss."

"The same family!" cried Aileen. "Why, Shane, don't you know you're a—connexion of the Guillamores of Inchvarra—my dearest friends?" and she bewildered the young fellow by seizing his hard hand and wringing it, while her beautiful blue eyes beamed wonderingly into his face, and she verily looked as if she would like to throw her arms round his neck. "Isn't this very extraordinary?" she exclaimed, turning to Sherrard.

And that gentleman nodded, and took the hand of the amazed youth in a giant's grip.

"I'd do anything in this world to serve a Guillamore," growled he, with a sidelong glance at the lady which was good to see; "and I'll not desert you, Shane, my boy, until we see the end of this. We are in a bit of a mess ourselves; this lady—ahem! is my sister, you know, and I'm carrying her off from marryin' a man she—"

"Hates!" interposed Aileen, firmly.

"Hates," repeated the captain, with verve; "and so you see I'm forced to do some fierce pulling in very short time. We are called Sherrard—are going to this lady's—to my sister's—I mean to Castle Inchvarra, where our friends will take us in. What do you say if we stick together and help each other?"



[TERRIBLE NEWS.]

Shane had much ado to follow this much-involved speech, but though his Irish wit told him there was a good deal of "blather" about it, he knew that the dark gentleman meant him a kindness, so he thanked him very gratefully, and declared, with tears in his eyes, that his life was theirs to do as they chose with, since they had saved it, and that he would be the happiest boy out of Ireland if he only knew where poor Katty was.

In the meantime Ireland seemed a long time in making its appearance. The runaways had already been some six hours out, and the captain thought they ought to have sighted land an hour ago; though as yet he was carefully keeping his thoughts to himself. A breeze had sprung up, and was getting stronger and stronger; unfortunately a breeze which was dead ahead. Added to this the moon was beginning to wade through a field of mottled clouds—soon she would be totally obscured.

Aileen kept up her spirits wonderfully, sang like a mermaid for the captain to row to, told stories to make Shane laugh, got out a basket well crammed with provisions and shared it between them; nibbled a piece of lobster-pie, over which there were a great many jokes between the brother and sister, and at last insisted on giving her "brother" a rest by taking one oar and plying it with fine spirit.

At this brave sight, however, the gallant Shane jumped up, and, feeling considerably refreshed, begged them to let him have his turn at the oars, as he was fairly aching with having nothing to do and wanted something to warm him.

Circumstances proved Shane to be rather fresh, however, at the kind of work he had undertaken.

To tell the truth he had never been inside a boat in his life before, was both sea-sick and giddy, and shivered from head to foot in his wet clothes. In consequence he bespattered his new friends so lustily that the brother was forced to wrap the sister's long cloak yet closer round her, and at last Shane caught such a tremendous "crab" that it knocked him head over heels into the bottom of the boat and almost lost them an oar.

So the captain excused him, and Aileen made him lie down, and covered him with wraps, and, telling him to go to sleep, took one oar, and cried, cheerfully:

"Try again, captain; I'm good for half an hour at least."

And Shane fell asleep with the lovely little face of the lady in his heart and the sound of the oars in his ears.

He slept for perhaps an hour, and woke up at the ceasing of the rowing.

It was very dark now; there was a lonely swell in the sound of the waves, a hissing all around, and Shane found the rain pattering fast upon his face.

A lantern had been lit and was lashed to one of the seats; it cast its smoky light on the forms of his two companions and showed them to be close together.

"You're not frightened, are ye, little Yellow Hair?" asked the gentleman, tenderly.

"Oh, no! I'm never afraid of the sea. I lived all my life beside it, you know. And rain—ha, ha! Vara and I used to like our rainy canteras on the ponies best. But, captain," and she looked up with awe, "what if we are being driven out of our course by this head-wind and getting lost?"

"Blest if she don't know everything!" muttered the captain. "Little witch. Well," said he, reflectively, "we may be sliding a point or two out of the track, but you just keep up a good heart, lovey, and we'll get on all right. I'll do all I can, my dear; don't lose heart."

"But you're so tired, Charley. Look at your poor hands all blistered; and how your arms must ache!"

"Yes, they do, my dear, to hold you a while in 'em."

"Oh, Captain Sherrard! Come, I am very angry."

"There! I'm awfully sorry, miss; won't you forgive a fellow?"

"Upon conditions——"

"No conditions, my darling!" He took his hat off, and held up his dark face to the black sky, and squeezed her hand tightly against his heart. "No conditions, my darling," whispered he, but Shane heard it; "for my heart's too full of ye to mind any breakwater to-night. By the sea that I've lived half my life on, and the sky I hope to live all my future life in, I'll never be happy until you say we'll sail in the same boat together for evermore!"

Miss Sherrard's head drooped lower and lower, but she said nothing.

So after waiting with very great anxiety to hear some answer the captain heaved a tremendous sigh, and added, hoarsely:

"Forget what I said to ye just now, little Yellow Hair," and then he bent to his toil again.

Shane thought they were the queerest brother and sister he had ever seen!

But their situation was getting decidedly serious by this time, for though the breeze was not increasing, and seemed likely to abate with the dawn, the rain was pouring steadily down; and the lady, in spite of the mountain of wrappings her kind brother

had thrown about her, was getting drenched; they had utterly lost their bearings; Sherrard was about giving out; the provisions had given out long ago from their guest's vigorous onslaught.

So at last the little lady rose up in her might and told the captain he must let the boat drift, and take some rest, and he only consented to do so when she had forcibly held his hands; and between them they got the boat all "snugged" up for the night, and the gentleman took the helm to keep her before the wind, while the lady fell asleep leaning against him, and her pale, tired little face peeping out of the shapeless bundle of wraps.

Soon the only waking eyes were those of Sherrard, straining through the darkness ahead for danger, while with one arm he gently cherished to his side the sweet little creature whose heart he now sorrowfully believed to be untouched by love for him.

It was a long night, but dawn came at last, and Shane, burrowing in his warm nest, awoke, yawned, and looked about him, and then he remembered all about it and began very neatly to fold up the rug and make himself useful.

It was while employed in this task that he suddenly exclaimed:

"Dedad! an' isn't that a ship forinst us?"

Sherrard, who had been looking down at the sleeping face of Aileen in a sort of wondering rapture, afraid to move lest she might awake, and draw herself away from him, gazed in the direction Shane was pointing—the lady sprang to her feet and uttered a startled scream.

"By George! so it is! Hurrah!" cried the captain, and jumped upon a seat to reconnoitre.

"A small craft—decidedly rakish—why, it's a yacht! white with gilt stripes—big gilt cross for figure-head!"

Aileen clasped her hands with a gasp of terror.

"'Tis 'La Crocel!' she cried, "Rochester's yacht!"

"The deuce—but are you sure, miss?"

"Yes—yes! I see the gold cross myself! If they see us, they will certainly give chase. Shall I lie down and hide under the shawls? Oh, captain—dear Charlie, don't let them see me!"

"No use, little Yellow Hair. They have spotted us already. They're going to overhaul us!" responded Sherrard, grimly. "Just you sit down and keep yourself quiet while I work the buggers a bit. You, Shane! jump round lively now, and do your best to keep the craft abaft us. Up with that mast—fasten a shawl to it for a sail—don't wait for me to show ye—I'll row!"

(To be continued.)



[AN ANGRY GREETING.]

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER VI.

Then keep each passion down, however dear.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Thompson.*
Byron.

The little dinner at the hotel went off splendidly. The table with dessert was drawn up to the open window, and while trifling with the delicious wines and fruits Ellen Temple and Francis Hopetown sat together watching the lazy craft on the silent river, drifting on tardily into the coming dusk, as the hardy lightermen drift on through life.

Love is seldom, if ever, so eloquent as when silent, and in silence Ellen enjoyed this blissful little love dream, listening with pleasurable eagerness to all that Frank told her, and if she sighed it was only when she remembered Charles Ruhl and thought that this might be her last meeting with Francis. How could she hope otherwise after what he had told her? The barrier between them, apart from his position, prevented her being his wife.

When these reflections came upon her they threw a deeper shade upon her sweet face than did the gathering shadows of dusky twilight.

Hopetown saw the sadness and wondered at its cause.

"Are you tired already?" he asked, tenderly. "Tired of me and this place, or is it all so very monotonous?"

Miss Temple looked at him, and her lustrous eyes flashed a glance of reproach.

"Surely you cannot do me such an injustice as to think that!" she said. "Such pleasure as this should not be monotonous, since I have so little of it. I fear that the reflection that this cannot last caused a sigh of regret."

"Cannot last!" said Frank. "Why not, Ellen?"

"Because no good can come of it. Were I your social equal, I should be permitted then to retain your friendship, my home would be open to you, the world would think nothing of our companionship; but as it is, there is even a greater barrier than your wealth, or rather my poverty between us."

"Your poverty!" questioned Frank, with a most ingenuous smile. "I should scarcely think of calling the mere absence of fortune in one so rich in nature's gifts as you are, poverty. If it had ever been your intention to give your priceless love to any one who had not the worldly wealth to nourish you as you deserve, I simply consider the intention as an injustice to yourself and to those who have expended so much time and labour of love in cultivating the lovely

human flower entrusted to their care by the great Master of nature. It were little less than sacrilege that you should be allied to him who has only love, with heart-chilling misery of poverty awaiting like a spectre—a blight in the background. Do not smile, Ellen, I am earnest, if my language is not in accordance with this matter-of-fact, hollow age, wherein all is sham gold. Love in a cottage is very well to read of—the love might last with the lingering life; but existence could only be a mockery; to me, as it should be with others, the only purpose of wealth would be to purchase the happiness of one such as you."

"Yet the sentiment of the time is that money should beget money."

"With sordid speculators. Not when one wishes to purchase the unsullied love of a good and talented woman. No, Ellen, we must meet again. In time this clandestine companionship shall cease, and you shall acknowledge me as your friend before the world. I could not give up this pleasure now. I would rather sacrifice my fortune. Have faith in me; I shall never betray your trust, never!"

"I believe you, Frank. I feel that I can trust you."

They were standing up now, side by side, he with his arm round her slender waist, her left hand clasped in his, both still gazing on the darkling river, the end of these brief hours' bliss drawing nigh.

"You will," he said, tenderly, "see me again? You will, if anything should happen? Should anything come of that unfortunate meeting to-day in the park, let me know. You will promise to see me, if only once more? Tell me, dearest Ellen. Answer, my darling. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, my pet, for that! Thank you! Time will show how sincere I am, how pure and honourable my great love for you is."

"I cannot doubt you, Frank."

"Do not, darling! You at least never shall have cause to. I see you are anxious to be gone. How grateful I am for this day's unalloyed happiness. How much happier and better I feel. How much purpose I seem to have in life. Oh, Ellen, may the time come when I can call you mine, and then, indeed, I shall think Heaven has blessed me. Ellen, do not be angry. As a brother, a dear friend or relation, may I—"

He faced her and moved his stately head; his attitude and his eyes in mute eloquence solicited the boon—a kiss. Ellen could not refuse him. She went pale and red by turns, her whole frame thrilled as his lips touched her.

"Oh, let us go. Frank, this must not go on," and she broke away from him and buried her face in her handkerchief to hide her blushes and her tears.

Twenty minutes later, and they were on the road to London. Hopetown's splendid thoroughbred little horses, refreshed after their rest, covered the ground at a splendid pace. Darkness had not in, and the street lamps glimmered along the roadside.

London was a blaze of light, a world of life and motion, its din of traffic a Babel when they reached it. Wealth and beauty, strangely intermixed with poverty, sin and distress, were around them at every turn.

It was the opera season, and when they reached Piccadilly the coachman had to slacken the horses' speed. The roadway was crowded with magnificent equipages of all patterns and grades of grandeur. The houses and shops were ablaze with light, the carriage lamps threw their flitting, quickening rays over the great highway, lending a brilliancy to the scene which, now that Ellen was amongst the luxurious, seemed a sort of fairyland by night.

Mr. Hopetown was lively, full of animation and hopeful. He told her of his equine experiences abroad, dropping in here and there an amusing anecdote, made doubly interesting by his having been personally mixed up with them.

Most delightful of all he pointed out several occupants in the most distinguished vehicles with whom he was on friendly and formal visiting terms. Some were males, most were females, who, amidst the lurid gleam of the flitting lights, sparkling jewels, and clouds of gauze, satin, muslin, and the rest of it, looked perfectly dazzling, and Ellen said so, wondering at the same time how Mr. Hopetown could estrange himself from so much beauty and grandeur for her who, whatever she might have been, was now in the eyes of the world only a milliner's employee.

"You think them as beautiful and dazzling as they seem, do you not?" asked Mr. Hopetown, with an amused smile.

"I must do so, or doubt my own eyes."

"No; do not doubt your eyes, but rather the appearances which deceive them. Not one in twenty of the apparent beauties you behold will bear inspection by the light of day. Take away the jewels, wipe off the paint and powder, remove the artistically arranged false hair, and women apparently thirty years of age become fifty, blondes of forty are transformed to sixty-five, smiles fade into wrinkles, blushes no longer exist, and the eyes that sparkle to-night weep for the lost years and pleasures they have

wasted because they have no greater trouble to weep for."

"Oh, but they cannot all be like that," said Ellen.

"Not all; but freshness and beauty are a very small percentage of the upper ten, as they are called. I, as one who has been brought up amongst them, can safely assert that the most careworn, unhappy-faced, wan-looking women of our clime belong to the aristocracy, and amongst the best of them, too. I don't care who laughs at the assertion. Let any unprejudiced person, with an ordinary share of perception spend a few afternoons in the park when the park is crowded, and judge for themselves."

"Then if we do not find all that is good and beautiful amongst these people, where is it to be found?"

"Not here. This is a gilded age, Ellen. Fashion has usurped pleasure, and what seems to be only folly is too sadly often vice. It is an unreal world. It is a play or the opera natural emotion is checked because it is voted vulgar. Custom teaches a lifeless self-control over all the better and softer feelings of the human heart—in public at least. Society goes to the opera or play as a duty, not to be amused as a playgoer, but to turn critic. We have golden-haired critics of seventeen, and dark-eyed cynics of twenty."

"Then my dream of the world is broken!" sighed Ellen.

"There are exceptions," Mr. Hopetown charitably observed. "Fashionable high life means simply a large sect of the wealthy, who in all things sit, speak, and move alike in the same groove, like so many puppets, morrily worked by the leading-strings of a code entirely their own."

"How hateful!"

"An opinion I have entertained since I was fifteen," Mr. Hopetown laughed.

The carriage had reached Westminster Bridge by this time. Francis intended to drive Ellen within a few minutes' walk of her home. The noise and glare of the Westminster Bridge Road were greater than that of Piccadilly, and much more unpleasant.

Piccadilly was at least exempt from the howlings of a legion of fruit and other itinerant vendors, from the coarse laughter and ribald jokes of the idling or pleasure-making "roughs." Here, too, the untidy shop-boy, with a bad cigar in mouth, or sheltered behind a huge meerschaum pipe, and in gaudy attire, pitifully aped the reckless young men of the west-end, and went as rapidly to ruin by this more unwholesome and shameless road, clinging to squalid ruin in their own ignorant way, and not seeing a distinction nor a difference between their way and the way of those who, if they sinned, sinned decently.

Hopetown lent back and closed his eyes.

"When I come amongst these people," he said, "it makes me think better of my own class. Thank Heaven, they are no one but themselves, and they are clean. They do speak as if the English possessed a language, and their vices are luxuries. There is nothing but rudeness, untidiness, horrible slang, cant phrases, and foul tobacco here. Let us shut the windows."

Ellen smiled, but the smile faded as the brougham dashed down the Kennington Road. She was near enough to home now to begin to feel the dread of meeting her mother and Charles Ruhl. Something suggested to her that there would be a storm, and though strong in the knowledge of her own innocence of any wrong she feared a scolding, never having been subjected to one since she was old enough to remember.

Mr. Hopetown wished her a very tender good-bye and exacted a promise that she would see him again. The appointment was made for the following Thursday, and then as the carriage rolled away, the lustre of to-day's dream began to fade, and with faltering steps Ellen approached the dull old house.

She knocked very gently, and the mite kept in place of a servant opened the door. When Ellen entered the parlour she found her mother seated at work, and Amy with her elbows on the table, her chin resting in her hands and her eyes scanning the pages of a book. Both mother and sister looked up in surprise.

"Where is Charles?"

"Has he not come home, mamma?" said Ellen, a sickening fear that something had happened taking possession of her.

"No. I did not expect that you would be out till nearly eleven o'clock and then come home without him," said Mrs. Temple, with a white and stern face. "Some explanation is necessary, Ellen. Take your hat and jacket off. You, Amy my darling, go to bed; I must speak to your sister in private."

CHAPTER VII.

Perverse mankind; whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decrees.
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate;
And follies are mislabeled the crimes of fate.

Pope.

HALF the dread that Ellen would have had at the prospect of a scene was deadened by the grave alarm she felt concerning Charles Ruhl. A painful sense of guiltiness crept upon her, as if she had perpetrated some undiscovered crime. Had she known the cause of Ruhl's absence her mind would have been at rest.

He had not gone home when the carriage drove away, nor did he leave the park. For a moment or so he had stood with his hands pressed to his forehead, then he paced after the carriage like one whose mind has suddenly become a blank. The day's suffering racked his heart to its core. Love is a tender blossom and soon withers beneath the blighting chill of cold indifference.

Charles Ruhl felt as if a blight had fallen upon him, a feeling of dreadful desolation came upon him, a sickening sense of loneliness that made his aching heart heave. At one moment he could have knelt and wept, and the next, when passion held its sway and brought back his strength, he could have committed murder.

But he did neither.

"It is a foolish infatuation of hers," he said, inwardly. "Why should I despair? She is led away, flattered by his friendship, his carriages and lavish waste of money. When she learns his purpose she will spurn him. I know enough of human nature to stake my honour on Ellen's great pride keeping her safe. But wait until my turn comes; it must and shall one day."

Then he fell to brooding while he walked slowly along the Serpentine path. The beauty of the day, of the park, the life and light upon this miniature river were all lost upon him. Presently, however, he woke up and gave his shoulders a shake like one who has been slumbering unawares. Then he went back to the dingy boat-house, and then, seeing three or four watermen, clean and tidy, everything about them spick and span, seated on a bench outside, he asked if he could be rowed across.

"Yes, sir," said one. "Will you take the gent, Mr. Butcher?"

"Ay," answered a slender man, whose face was furrowed with long years of honest labour and who was evidently older than he looked, "will you wait, sir, for others to come, or—"

"No, thanks," said Charles, who was in no mood to consider whether he paid a penny or a shilling. "Take me at once."

In the boat he fell again into moody thought, and when he landed he cut across the park to the passage by the side of Knightsbridge Barracks and thence into Knightsbridge.

His destination was not far distant, one of the most silent taverns, where a portion of polished mahogany counter was set aside and sheltered with glass, screened from the rest for the better-class customers. Charles Ruhl ordered brandy-and-water and then took a cigar from his cigar-case and lit it. When he lifted the glass to his lips he stayed his hand for a moment to see if it was steady. It trembled slightly, and he smiled curiously.

For nearly an hour he sat there on a cushioned seat trying to read the paper and having his glass refilled whenever it was empty, and in that hour he drank something like a pint of brandy. But it did not show itself. His wonted colour had come back, and there was a little more brilliancy in his eyes; beyond that there was no change in him.

Restless beyond control, he left the palace of seductive vice. He strolled back into the park and along the Serpentine path again. Perhaps he had some idea that Ellen would drive back here again. A great smoker always, he kept lighting a fresh cigar as soon as one was smoked out.

Sauntering on towards the Kensington Bridge, he suddenly became aware of the presence of an individual who, with a closed book in his left hand, bent head and lazy steps, was wandering in a listless, purposeless sort of way by the water's edge.

He was a young man of twenty-eight or thirty years or so, he might have been more or less, nearly six feet high, with a light-brown beard and moustache and straight hair a shade lighter. His face, neck and hands had the sun-tint of travel, and his deportment was that of a gentleman, but a threadbare one. His clothes were in the last stage of respectability. How many brushes that coat had worn out he alone could tell. His linen was singularly clean, a little frayed at the cuffs though, and his slender boots blackened until they were like ebony mirrors if there are such things. He had a hungry, dejected way of looking about him, want had already stamped its sallow lines upon his cheeks and hunger gleamed from his large brown eyes with the black rings around them.

Sorrow creates a strange sympathy between even the greatest strangers. We think it was the Prince of Orange who, when he risked his own life to save that of a fisherboy who had fallen into the water, afterwards explained, when asked why he did it:

"At the instant the boy fell into the water I felt as much interest to save him as if he had been my brother."

So it was with Charles Ruhl; the moment he beheld this forlorn being he experienced the most tender compassion for him, and at a short distance followed or rather accompanied him in his lonely saunter until the stranger turned and stared at him in his listless, hungry way.

Charles Ruhl uttered a cry of surprise and recognition and approached him. A sudden light of intense joy lit up the stranger's face.

"Good Heavens, Congreve, what are you doing here?"

"Nothing, Ruhl; Heaven help me, nothing. But I am overjoyed to see you, old friend."

"But what has been the matter? What are you now?"

"A social spectre, dear friend," replied Mr. Congreve, with a hollow laugh, "a walking death, a soulless body, a creature without home or friends, a thing to be shunned by all who know me, an animal suspected by landlords and landladies, a tradesman's ghost—in a word, a man without money."

"But how long has this been?"

"Four months," answered Mr. Congreve, and his internal meanings told too plainly how long nature had been craving for its natural nourishment. "Ruhl, I have been plain with you. If you shun and desert me afterwards as others have done, shun me as a pestilence whenever I come in sight. I implore you, for Heaven's sake, to give me the price of a dinner to keep body and soul together."

"Why, Dan, old fellow, my poor old friend," said Ruhl, with a choking gulp in his throat, "come along with me. Why did you not hunt me up before? Here, old fellow, put this into your pocket to start with, it will make you feel more at home with me."

He slid a sovereign into Mr. Congreve's brown hands, and blinding tears started to the recipient's hungry-looking eyes.

Charles Ruhl took his arm and led him away.

"I hope you will never want it, Ruhl," he said, choking down an emotion that was no disgrace to his manhood. "I hope you will never suffer what I have suffered; but then you never will, because you never could be the thoughtless spendthrift I have been."

"But you, I thought, had dropped in for a good thing when you became travelling manager of that Anglo-French Barter and Freightage Company."

"So I did. But it collapsed, Charley, old boy, and left me worse off than ever. I really had believed the affair to be genuine, instead of which it was one of the most rascally, moneyless frauds I ever came across, and I was a mere tool in the hands of the crafty Frenchmen who were at the head of it. When I came back to England nearly five months ago I had not a ten-penny note left. I could not go to the old lady again since my father's death. She has been pushed too hard for money. No one knew until his death how heavily our estate was mortgaged. If he had taken me into his confidence, I should have been less improvident at college. Give me a cigar, old fellow, it will stop this dreadful internal gnawing. Thanks. Heavens, what I have suffered! those who don't know from practical experience would never understand what I have gone through. To know that I had friends and relations and yet could not find it in my heart to go to them. I did at first, but I can assure you they received me like a spectre; conversation has been hushed, laughed ceases, and even children stop in their innocent mirth and stare up at my long, miserable face as if I carried a gloom about with me that palled upon the hearts and minds of those who could away from my presence be happy. I could fill a volume with my painful experiences since I have been a social spectre."

"You should have thought of me, Brian."

Mr. Brinsley Congreve laughed bitterly.

"All the world seemed to have changed so since I have been moneyless, old fellow, that I thought it would have changed you too, and I grew so heart-sick of petty acts of charity when I had a right to expect help and kindness that I fully made up my mind to sink about with my book, doing a little law copying to pay the rent of my room, until the end of the chapter came; and if you had not turned up, Charley, it would not have been far off. Fate was rapidly reaching the climax, and to tell the truth I felt a sort of happy resignation."

"You could not give up your book even in this trouble," said Ruhl, with a smile.

"No. There are only two real refuges from despair to a man in great trouble—sleep and reading."

What is it Cicero says on the subject? 'The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or by night, in journeying or retirement,' and I don't think any one will dispute Cicero; if they will, they'd better go and try it," concluded Mr. Congreve, with a smile and a bantering air that showed a latent gaiety that lay only slumbering while his misery lasted.

"You are still good at quotations," laughed Ruhl.

"Yes, it's a singular fact, but since I have been in great want my memory has, if anything, improved. I have gone over the old days at college, at home, with friends, repurposed my studies and recalled the conversations of those who were long since dead as well as those of the living."

"You really lived more in the past than in the present."

"Exactly. I only awake to the present as one would to physical pain at intervals. The future and the present too seemed to have drifted back, or rather there seemed no future at all, I was living the past over again, only in a spectre-like, silent way. Persons came back to me vividly, but without substance, conversations without sound, I moved and had my being amongst all the memories of the past in the same silent, spectre-like way, and it was not without its painful sense of nameless pleasure."

"I should think," said Ruhl, reflectively, "the feeling you are describing must be such as comes upon a person who slowly succumbs to death by starvation."

"Exactly so. All sense of pain is past. The heart only beats in fond recollection of the past your soul is dwelling in. The brain no longer has the power to make the grim wants of the present visible to you. Matter has succumbed to mind, and you are passing away in a tranquil dream."

"Great Heavens, Congreve, you talk as if you had gone down to that dreadful stage of want."

"So I have, old fellow. I was forty-eight hours without food, and then my last morsel had been three pennyworth of spiced beef, a pennyworth of bread and the same amount of beer. I lay on my bed past food—past the craving for it. Now and then I took a sip of water. I could no longer read, I lay awake and lived my past life over again, and when I slept I dreamed of all the good things of life, of riches and plenty. I should have remained there and gone off so. But my landlady, good soul! took it into her head that I was ill. She came to me, shrewdly remarked that it was not a doctor I wanted, left me again, and then returned with some weak brandy-and-water and sixpennyworth of jelly from the confectioner's. She had put some beef-tea on, she said; and so she had. I was out and strong in four days, and then, for her sake, I hunted up the lawyers for copying. But I got very little of it—very little."

"Look here, old fellow," said Ruhl, his slight German accent more marked, as it always was when under the influence of emotion, "if you say any more till you have dined I shall do something desperate. What patience, what suffering! Poor Brin!"

"Never mind, old fellow, a little help and I shall forge ahead; my ship must come home some day, all the others have had their turn."

"Ah!" sighed Ruhl. "I have been waiting and watching for mine, but it hasn't come yet."

They emerged now into Knightsbridge.

Ruhl hailed a hansom and ordered it to drive to the Golden Cross Hotel and to make haste.

"No, old fellow," said Mr. Brinsley Congreve, "don't do that; let me have time to dwell joyfully in anticipation of what is coming. I never thought life was so much worth struggling for as now. Oh, cruel Fate, I can forgive thee now for all my suffering."

CHAPTER VIII.

I hear thee. This my reply: What'er I may have been or am doth rest between Heaven and myself. *Manfred.*

AN exquisite sense of pleasure came over Charles Ruhl when he sat watching poor Congreve dine. He partook of little or nothing himself, but drank deeply.

Congreve, on the contrary, commenced on the viands simply ravenously, with head bent down, and hungry eyes fixed upon his plate. Not a word did he utter, and Ruhl enjoyed the sight in silence.

As fresh courses came in his friend became less wolfishly intent upon the food. He paused to sigh happily, and even looked round to favour his benefactor with a smile.

Nearly an hour elapsed before he pushed his plate from him and shook his head at the waiter when that individual made fond inquiries whether the gentleman would like anything more—a little dessert, perhaps?

"No," said Mr. Brinsley Congreve, speaking in a deep, decisive voice, and glancing fearlessly around, "is there a smoking-room here?"

The waiter said there was.

They finished up their dinner wine and followed him to where they could enjoy the quiet ease of a big cushioned seat in a quiet corner near the window and a big cigar.

Comparatively alone now, for the other occupants of the room sat at isolated tables, both Ruhl and his friend showed a disposition to talk freely. There is no better time to do so than over wine and cigars.

"You have not been home for some time?" asked Mr. Ruhl, looking hard at his friend, and noting how great was the change in him since he had been so revived.

"I have in reality no home to go to," answered Mr. Congreve, sadly. "Mrs. Congreve never thoroughly recovered from the shock of my father's death. Her mind is a blank. She knows no one but me and her maiden sister, who is her keeper. The estate is in Chancery, and will be until my father's debts are paid and the mortgage settled. Enough is allowed out of it for my mother's support, nothing more."

"A sad state of things for you, old fellow. I suppose you feel the loss of John Hopetown very much, do you not?"

"Yes; he was always good to me, both at college and after. I cannot possibly imagine why he quarrelled with his father and disappeared as he did."

"A miserable misalliance, nothing more. Was it not rather singular that you, as a relation, a distant one, true, but still a relation, should not have come in for a portion out of the different properties? Thus Craythorpe went to young Francis, John Hopetown's fortune, in default of his son having turned up, also to Francis."

"I know it was my father's fault. He behaved badly, I believe, and both Craythorpe and the Hopetowns cut him; and then again when I was wrecked off Yokohama I was despaired of as lost."

"That may account for it, truly. Why have you not hunted up young Hopetown?"

"Frankly, I knew very little of him. He was a boy when John and I chummed together. When a man is down and got the heart ache he only gets it worse by hunting up his rich relations. If you want anything they don't want you."

"Weren't you and John very much alike?" Charles Ruhl asked, and any one might have thought that he had a deeper motive than mere curiosity in the question. He took from his pocket as he spoke a vignette photograph and glanced from that to Congreve.

"Very. Same height and build, and I am getting near-sighted, like he used to be."

"Did you ever hear what became of him at all?" "Yes. He travelled to China for a large tea firm. That was in '66. Whether he ever left or perished there is not known."

"That's just where the link is lost," said Charles Ruhl, pushing the photo back into his pocket; "you have fallen away of late, have you not?"

"Lost more than two stone, old fellow."

"I thought so. I should like to see, old fellow, how you look in specs. Put mine on. You haven't any glasses of your own?"

"No," laughed Congreve. "What a whim. Hand them over, then. There!"

Ruhl regarded him very thoughtfully for a few moments, reflectively knocked the ash from his cigar, and as reflectively observed:

"Yes. They make you still more like the lost John Hopetown," stretching out his hand for the glasses. "By the way I suppose you have heard how that young madbrain is going the pace—young Frank. It seems a disgrace that such wealth should have fallen into his hands. There is one thing to be said, should John return he can claim half the fortune, and should Frank die, or become dead in law—and madness is in the family—John would take all. Nearly a million. Great Heavens!" and Ruhl leant back in his seat and wiped his face with his handkerchief as if he felt hot.

"Yes, it was a shame," said Congreve, with a smile. "They might have left me a little. I am only something like a forty-ninth cousin. No matter. A namesake of mine has written 'nature to each allots his proper sphere.'"

"But it is not your proper sphere."

"My dear soul, Cowper says 'Riches have wings and grandeur is a drama.' So say I. But now, old fellow, you have heard my tale of woe, have appeased my wants, have presented me with a gift which at this moment seems like the riches of Peru, tell me of yourself. How hast thou fared in thy wanderings?"

"Well. I have found a home at last, with a family brought down in circumstances, but of gentle blood

and good breeding. I have been happy till lately, and now I almost wish I had remained in my friendless, lonely state. No matter. I am still with Saxon, Coburg and Co. I have worked on with but one purpose, and it will be fulfilled yet."

"Bah, my friend! why all this toil for the triumph of an hour? Let me see, whose line is that? I almost forget. Byron or Young? No, it's Young. By the way there is a line of Dr. Johnson's which rhymes with that, 'Life's a short summer, man's a flower.' My memory improves. Heavens! how gay we are when not hungry. Why should I not be gay, for 'Live how we can, die we must'? I think that emanates from the immortal William. Well, well, this is a strange world; for three weeks I have chiefly lived on light literature and sleep, to-day I was contemplating sleeping myself out of the world, and this evening I am happy, unusually happy, with an old and really true friend before me and a sovereign in my pocket. Ah, excuse me if I look at it, won't you? If ever I grow rich I will have one framed in memory of these days."

The reckless gaiety of his nature began to peep forth as it ever had done. Ruhl knew him well. While the sovereign lasted he would have no thought or care for what would come after, and even in his most miserable moods he had a grim kind of gaiety.

"I shall be merry for a day, and then I must look out for a repetition of light literature and lighter diet."

"Why should you? What stands in your way most? I suppose your connection with that Anglo-French barter company stands in your light chiefly, does it not?"

"Yes, though, on my word, no one was a greater victim than I."

"My dear Brin, strike out a new path, begin life anew, take another name and take a new start with it."

"Happy thought that, dear old wise one. What's in a name? Much sometimes, much that does harm or good. I never thought of that myself. Why should I not? What is it to any one but myself who I am? I will begin life again, and the past, my past, shall rest between me and Heaven."

"If you will do so, I will get you a birth, old fellow, travelling agent for our firm; they are sadly in want of some one to keep up personal communication with the foreign branches of the house."

"Could you do it, Ruhl?"

"Yes, and more too. They cannot do without me now; I have worked for them night and day, and now I am the ruling power of the firm. Do as I wish and you need not fear. I will give you an introduction to my tailor and a few pounds. I am quite able to advance you a few pounds, so consider the matter settled. Let us stroll back for a little while."

The wine was finished and Ruhl paid the bill. He stood up as cool and steady and straight-faced as ever, his hair was unruffled, his face as white as ever, and yet he had drunk so deeply that some men, most men, would have succumbed beneath its influence.

They went back to the park, Congreve because his friend went there, Ruhl with some vague hope of meeting Ellen.

It was getting dark. The drive was silent and deserted, now and then the glimmer of lamps of a carriage passing through from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner showed through the trees.

The tiny river was deserted, the boats moored out in the centre and the boathouse closed for the night. Still Ruhl did not despair.

He went once more over the same ground, along the Serpentine path towards Kensington Bridge, walking slowly, loitering in fact, and still in conversation with Congreve, listening mechanically but in reality deep in thought.

Mr. Congreve thought that they might have found a more cheerful spot to promenade in, but he said nothing. The time and place evidently accorded with the tone of Ruhl's mind, and mentally using a quotation that fitted the case he loitered on with him.

They had almost reached the bridge. Its gloomy little arches threw their deep shadow in their path and the starlit water rippled at their feet. Still Congreve talked on, and Ruhl, appearing to listen, brooded.

"Hallo, Ruhl, what's that?" cried out Brinsley.

Something, a large heavy body, had fallen or been thrown into the water. Both young men stared about them, but nothing could be seen, not a ripple more than had been.

"Some of the ducks perhaps taken fright," said Ruhl, "or flown from the other side of the bridge."

"Not it. I shouldn't think it was any one jumped in, would you?"

"We must have seen them. There is no access to the bridge so late as this, and any one on the pathway must have attracted our attention."

"It was strange. Ha! Ruhl, I tell you it is. Look there! I see clothes on the bank!"

In a moment Congreve had rushed forward, had torn off his coat, vest, and hat, and was trying hard to see by the ripples on the water where the person had gone in. Some one had gone in; there was a coat, vest, and hat on the shore. On the crown of the hat was something white. Ruhl bending over it said that it was a letter.

"Well, here goes. Somebody's in, and if I can't see them I'll feel," said Congreve.

"What would you do, man?" cried Ruhl.

"My duty, Charley, the duty of every man," and with that he plunged in.

While he was swimming about, diving here and there and coming to the surface to look round, Charles Ruhl's curiosity got the better of him in spite of the anxiety of the moment, and he struck a wax match that he might see to whom the letter was addressed.

The first glance caused him to utter a cry, and he instinctively clutched the letter. It was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Hopetown, Grosvenor Square, or per favour of Messrs. Saxon, Coburg, and Co.

In an instant and without knowing what impelled him on to the act, Ruhl had searched the pockets of the coat and vest. He found a pocket-book with a name written inside it, a gold watch bearing the initials of that name, and several letters.

"Ruhl."

He started as if he had received a shock, so intent had he been; so strangely was he affected that the voice, coming as it did from the dark, still waters, sounded sepulchral and unreal, and he did not recognize it until he remembered that Congreve had gone in.

"Well?"

"Can you see anything?"

"No."

"Nor I. I must come ashore. I am exhausted," and Congreve swam to the bank and Ruhl helped him up.

Perhaps it was the excitement of the moment, perhaps because he thought them better clothes, but Charles Ruhl slipped on to his friend's shoulders the suicide's vest and coat and gave him the dead man's hat. Strangely enough they fitted him.

"Come," said Ruhl, "let us fetch assistance from the people at the receiving-house. Let us be quick or you will catch cold."

In the light of the receiving-house Congreve recognized that the coat was not his. He was about to make the remark when Ruhl stopped him.

"Hush," he said, in German. "Let them know it and they will suspect us of foul play or robbery," and he shuddered at the very idea of being so misjudged.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF LORD BUTE'S GRANDSON.—The grandson of the famous Lord Bute, whose death was lately mentioned in the papers, has left behind him at Aldenham Abbey a splendid library and a most valuable collection of heirlooms and autographs. Mr. William Stuart did not make much noise in the world, but he was understood to be a man of taste. His father was that Hon. William Stuart alluded to in Boswell's Life of Johnson, who was Bishop of St. David's and afterwards Bishop of Armagh. His great-grandmother was the noted queen of society, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN A SHROPSHIRE GENTLEMAN AND A GIPSY.—Norwegian papers are full of a marriage recently celebrated between an English gentleman and a gipsy girl bearing the name of Esmeralda. The gentleman is Mr. Hubert Smith, a landowner in Shropshire, and who, some time ago, made himself known in literature by an exceedingly clever book entitled "Tent Life with English Gipsies in Norway," dedicated to King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway. Mr. Smith has spent several summers in Norway with a following of gipsies, wandering on foot through valleys and over mountains, carrying tents and provisions with him on the backs of donkeys, and leading a most original life. Esmeralda was born on his estate in Shropshire. She is, the Norwegian papers state, very handsome, a perfect type of the peculiar beauty of her race, of the sweetest temper, and richly gifted from the hands of nature. The last few months she has passed in a Norwegian family, taking lessons in languages and music, and has astonished all by the wonderful progress made in so short a time, not less than by her gentle manners. The marriage was a civil one, being performed by the judge of the peace, but the rector of the parish attended the ceremony, and, as he had had the opportunity of knowing the bride during her stay in the neighbourhood, made a much-applauded speech in her honour. The Norwegian gipsies' friend, Mr. Eilert Snudt, who has devoted the best part of his life to the pulling down

of the barrier erected by prejudice and traditional superstition between the gipsies and the rest of the community, and who has converted not a few of the nomadizing tribe to settled and industrious life, had been invited to the marriage, which had his full approval, but was prevented at the last moment from attending. Several notabilities from Christiansia are mentioned among the guests, and the marriage was the occasion for numerous expressions of sympathy, especially from ladies who had made the acquaintance of the bride. After the solemnity the newly married couple left to spend the honeymoon in the venerable beech forest near Lauvig, the only one of the kind in Norway, affording ample commodities for tent life with gipsies.

EXPECTATIONS.

CHAPTER XV.

At an early hour of the morning subsequent to her return home, Madame Falconer sat throned in a great arm-chair in the pleasant morning-room of Blair Abbey. Joliette Stair sat on a hassock at the octogenarian's feet. Charlot Lyle was busy with wool embroidery at one of the wide French windows overlooking the velvety terrace. Adrian Rossiter lounged over a portfolio of engravings at a table near at hand. The soft autumnal sunshine streamed in at the great windows and the glazed door, filling the room with brightness. The letter Madame Falconer had received at a late hour on the preceding evening lay open on her knee. She had just communicated to Joliette and Miss Lyle the news that a guest was expected to arrive that morning at the abbey—a guest whose stay was to be unlimited.

"I have sent the barouche to Langworth to meet her," concluded Madame Falconer, with a sigh. "It would never do to allow her to arrive in a hired fly. She is a widow, only five-and-twenty years old, and her name is Helena Malverne."

"I never heard her name before," said Joliette, with something of surprise in her lovely young face. "Who is she, godmother? And is this to be her real home?"

"I hope not—that is, not long," exclaimed Madame Falconer, energetically, knitting her frost-white brows together fiercely. "I have never spoken of her to you, my dear, because she has not been to me a pleasant subject of conversation. For five years her name has not been mentioned in this house in my hearing. She is the grand-daughter of a lady who was my very dear friend. For the sake of her grandmother, who died years ago, and who really loved me in spite of my humped back and dwarfed shape, I took the orphan child Helena into my own house and tried to love her. I thought of making her my heiress. I fancied," and the tones of the aged lady grew bitter and her lips curled in a sort of self-anger and scorn, "that she might give me, in return for my care and kindness, something of the love she might have given her own mother. I was mistaken. I educated her with the utmost care. I potted and indulged her, but she proved heartless and selfish, and repaid my kindness with the utmost ingratitude. In one of her visits to a young friend she became acquainted with a young gentleman of good family but of prodigal habits, a dissolute young fellow, without fortune, but with a handsome face, and fell in love with him, as the phrase goes. I forbade her seeing him. She presumed upon my affection for her—she believed that I would forgive any folly of which she might be guilty—and she eloped with him. They came to me afterwards to ask my forgiveness, after the manner of stage lovers, but I refused to see them. I have never seen Helena since her marriage with young Malverne. I am devoted in my affection, implacable in my resentments."

The harsh and stern old face seemed to grow harder and sterner. The heavy upper lip, upon which a black moustache grew thickly, set itself firmly in a straight line upon its mate, giving a grim expression to the weird, malicious countenance.

Joliette shrank back, seeing which movement Madame Falconer's features softened, and a sudden tenderness glowed in her hard black eyes.

"You need not fear me, Joliette," she said, more gently. "You would be incapable of ingratitude like hers. If you were capable of it, I think the discovery would kill me." And a strong shudder swept like a chill wind over the aged humped-back figure. "But about Helena. I would do nothing for her. I refused to see her, as I said. In that strait some of Malverne's influential friends took them up, procured Madame a situation as secretary to some resident minister in China, and packed off the young couple within three months after their marriage. I received several fretful and complaining letters from Helena during the next year or two. She offered to leave her husband for ever if I would take her back. She repined at her narrow income. She did not like the society out there; she could

not dress as she wished; in short, she wanted to return and live with me on her former footing. I burned her letters as soon as received. I never replied to them, of course. She writes now that her husband is dead; that she has returned to England; that she is poor and friendless; that she has no hope but in me; and that she is coming here this morning to throw herself at my feet and entreat my forgiveness, and a little corner in my home if not in my heart."

"And you have sent a carriage to meet her, godmother?" exclaimed Joliette. "You could not be deaf to her prayers, you could not be insensible to her despair. I love you for your kindness to that poor broken-hearted young widow."

"Humph!" said Madame Falconer, with an odd curl of the lip. "I don't think she's broken-hearted, Joliette. As to being kind to her, I should greatly prefer to shut my doors upon her, as I really ought to do, but Adrian thinks I ought to give her a shelter, and the whole country will talk if I send her away in her poverty and widowhood. I should not like the grand-daughter of my dear old friend to toil for her bread while I have luxuries to spare; I should not like the descendant of my friend to live in poor, cramped lodgings while I have great empty rooms at the abbey. It is of her grandmother I think; not of her. I don't forgive her—I don't like her. I wish that I could feel free to turn her out upon the world to shift for herself; for my private opinion is, that if I admit this selfish, frivolous creature into my house, I shall regret the fact until I die. Yet, in spite of my better judgment, and because of the reasons I have given, I suppose I must receive her."

Her yellow, bony hand, which she had laid upon Joliette's jetty hair, trembled. With a sudden impulse, as if she feared the impending arrival would bring harm to her young favourite, she bent and kissed the girl, her withered lips quivering.

"It is time the carriage was here," said Madame Falconer, presently. "I almost fancy I can hear the wheels. Go to the window, dear, and tell me if it is coming."

Joliette arose and walked to the glazed door overlooking the grassy terrace, and Madame Falconer's eyes followed her with an adoring look, dwelling upon the marvellous grace of the slender figure in its soft pink cashmere draperies trimmed with swan's-down, upon the haughty little head wreathed with dusky tresses, and upon the proud, sweet profile. From the glazed door Joliette could obtain a glimpse of the long, winding avenue that led from the lodge-gates to the abbey.

"The carriage is coming!" she exclaimed, in her low contralto voice. "She is come, godmother!"

Madame Falconer heaved a sigh that was almost a groan.

Joliette watched the carriage as it swept up to the porch, and then seated herself nearer Charlot Lyle.

A silence succeeded—a silence full of expectancy. It was broken by the appearance of a servant, who announced the arrival of Mrs. Malverne.

"Show her in here," commanded Madame Falconer, looking hard and grim, like a statue in granite.

The servant retired.

A minute later there came a swift rush of woman's drapery, and a tall figure, dressed all in black, came flying into the room, paused a second, and then sprang forward and fell in an attitude of studied grace at the feet of the mistress of the abbey.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" cried the voice belonging to this figure—a voice which, strained as it seemed with grief, struck its hearers as affected and gushing. "Oh, Madame Falconer, dear friend, I have repented all my disobedience and folly in dust and ashes. I am come back to you, poor and helpless, lonely and friendless. For the sake of my grandmother whom you loved, forgive me and be my friend again. I will not rise until you pardon me. If you refuse, I will die!"

"Get up, Helena," said Madame Falconer, coolly, totally unmoved by the appeal. "Don't go into heroics. As I sent a carriage to meet you, it is to be presumed that I do not mean to allow you to starve."

"You forgive me, then?" cried Mrs. Malverne, ecstatically. "Dear Madame Falconer, I thank you on my knees for your generous goodness to me. I am unworthy of your kindness, but I will henceforth be a daughter to you; I will study your wishes; I will make your happiness my chief care. I will be now, what I should have been before, the staff of your age, the solace of your loneliest hours, your loving, beloved daughter."

She made a frantic little clutch at one hand of the aged lady and covered it with kisses.

Then she arose slowly to her feet and made as if to embrace the tiny humped-back mistress of the abbey, who, with a stern face and cynical smile, waved her back with a commanding gesture.

"I have not said that I forgive you, Helena," said the octogenarian, coldly. "I merely said that I should not allow you to starve. I will give you

shelter, food and clothes. You can stay here or go elsewhere, as you prefer. But the old life and the old relations between you and me ended on that night when you stole from my house like a coward to wed the man whose addresses I had forbidden you to receive. You can never win back the position you have lost any more than you can make yourself what you once were."

Mrs. Malverne uttered a cry of alarm and dismay. She would have fallen again at the feet of Madame Falconer but for the dawning consciousness of the presence of spectators.

"I—I thought you had forgiven me," she faltered.

"Are ingratitude, deceit and cowardice, are falsehood and treachery, such venial faults as to be forgiven so easily?" demanded Madame Falconer, sternly.

"But I have repented," said Mrs. Malverne, with an hysterical sob. "I repented my marriage as soon as I knew that you would not forgive me. Albert was all you said. I grew to hate him. He was dissolute, improvident, unfeeling; he could not support me in style. I would have left him at any time after my marriage if you would have taken me back. He was a bad, worthless fellow—"

"He was your husband, and consequently entitled to respectful mention from you," interrupted Madame Falconer, her black eyes flashing. "I did not like him, but as you married him, knowing his faults, you endorsed him. It is not the lips of a wife that should heap insults even upon a bad husband's memory; it is not the hand of a wife that should be raised against the reputation of the husband she has buried. For shame, Helena Malverne!"

"What would you have of me? You blame me for agreeing with you!" cried Mrs. Malverne, despairingly. "Why will you be so hard upon me? Dear Madame Falconer, I am come here with a daughter's love and confidence. Receive me as a repentant prodigal, I implore you—"

"Nonsense, Helena. You are nothing whatever to me; you have no shadow of claim upon me. I receive you only for your grandmother's sake," said Madame Falconer, in her high, shrill voice. "You are pleased to harp upon your daughterly affection for me. I do not want it. As I said, I give you a home—nothing more. If you have come here with any idea of recovering your former position and making yourself my heiress you but delude yourself. We will dismiss the matter here. I will send for a servant to conduct you to your rooms—but first let me introduce you to these young friends of mine."

Mrs. Malverne turned sharply, confronting the little group.

Joliette was looking out upon the terrace. Charlotte Lyle was bending low over her embroidery. Rosasir looked up from his volume of engravings to meet the full, anxious gaze of the new-comer.

"Adrian!" she exclaimed, in unmistakable relief, "you here! I am glad to see you. Have you, at least, no welcome for poor, erring, repentant Helena?"

Rosasir came forward, holding out his hand, his fair frank face expressing a pitying feeling toward her; and hope, which had nearly died within her, sprang to new life in the young widow's breast.

Joliette and Charlotte Lyle turned their gaze now upon her.

"They beheld a tall and stately figure, inclining to roundness and to fullness, clothed in widow's sables, plentifully relieved with sparkling jet. The slenderness and elasticity of youth were vanished from Mrs. Malverne's form and movements, but her every attitude betrayed a grace that had been carefully studied. She was very fair, with very pink cheeks, very light blue eyes, and very light flaxen hair, profusely creped—a doll-like beauty, in short, with more of the animal than the spiritual in her composition. Upon her fluffy tresses was perched a tiny black bonnet, also sparkling with jet. She wore no widow's cap above the handsome, insouciant face, and already something of coquettishness appeared in her apparelling."

"There was something cold and hard in her pale eyes—something scheming and evil in her full, sensual mouth. The spirit that dwelt within the breast of Helena Malverne was not so fair as her rotund, blonde beauty, not so pure and tender and womanly as should have dwelt under such seeming."

"Welcome, Helena," said Rosasir. "The years have changed you but little, I am glad to see."

"It is not I who am changed," said Helena Malverne, bitterly. "And this is my welcome to the only home I have on earth! Better I had died in China!"

"Mrs. Malverne," said Madame Falconer, in a high voice, in which was a ring of triumph, "allow me to present you to Miss Stair, my adopted grand-daughter and heiress, the future owner of Blair Abbey."

Mrs. Malverne started and grew pale as she fixed her gaze upon Joliette, the splendour of whose

dark beauty and loveliness shone upon her with bewildering lustre. All the baleful passions in the woman's soul sprang to life in that moment as torpid serpents stir themselves in the sunshine. She hated Joliette from that first glance with all the bitterness and venom of a wicked nature. Joliette was younger and more beautiful than she. Joliette possessed a witchery and fascination which she could not imitate; Joliette had taken the place which she had hoped to recover; Joliette was heiress to a vast fortune and a stately property, while she, Helena Malverne, was to be a poor dependant at the abbey, to be turned adrift to earn her own living, perhaps, when Joliette should come into possession. If hatred could have killed by its intensity of passion, then Joliette would have fallen dead at Helena Malverne's feet.

Yet the widow forced herself to smile and bow to her successful but unconscious rival with calm courtesy, even while she trembled with suppressed rage.

"And this is Miss Lyle, my companion," said Madame Falconer, in conclusion, indicating Charlotte. "This comprises my entire family at present, Helena. You can take your place among us as one of our number. Now you may choose to retire to your own rooms to refresh yourself after your journey. Adrian, will you kindly touch the bell?"

Rosasir did as requested. A footman appearing, Madame Falconer commanded the attendance of the housekeeper. Mrs. Gorset entered the morning-room and her lady desired her to attend Mrs. Malverne to her apartments.

With a sweeping bow to the occupants of the morning-room, the widow followed Mrs. Gorset into the hall and up the broad flight of stairs in silence. In the upper hall, however, Mrs. Malverne made an abrupt movement toward the sumptuous suite of rooms occupied by Joliette.

"I am to have my old rooms, of course, Mrs. Gorset," she exclaimed, forcing an appearance of vivacity, and speaking for the first time to the housekeeper. "How often I have thought of them since I left them! Our quarters were small and poor enough in China. These will be in delightful contrast."

She opened the door of Joliette's boudoir before Mrs. Gorset could interpose.

"Why, it's all newly furnished!" cried Mrs. Malverne. "How exquisite these new decorations are! Did Madame Falconer furnish these rooms anew in order to be rid of the furniture I had used, or did she furnish it in the expectation that I would some day return?"

"Neither," returned Mrs. Gorset, briefly. "These rooms belong to Miss Stair now. You are to have the green suite, Mrs. Malverne. Come this way, please."

The widow's face clouded and an angry spark shone in her eyes as she followed the housekeeper to the rooms designated.

"The green suite," she said, with a sneer. "Third best, is it? I've a good mind to leave the abbey this instant. No, I will not. I want to see more of this new favourite of Madame Falconer's. I shall not be turned away so easily."

She might have added that she had nowhere else to go.

Mrs. Gorset conducted the guest up a second flight of stairs to a pleasant suite of rooms on the third storey.

This suite, comprising only bedroom and dressing-room, was well furnished, yet was sombre in its effect, and presented the strongest possible contrast to Joliette's apartments. The walls were panelled for half their height with black oak; the carpet and upholstery were very dark in hue, being of the tint known as "invisible green," which has the effect of black, and only a few gilt frames and a bright fire in the grate redeemed the place from excessive gloom.

The widow bestowed one glance about her and then threw herself into a chair, angry and despairing.

"Don't leave me yet, Gorset," she exclaimed, trying to hide her tears of rage. "I want to speak to you. Is not this a grand welcome for me? Did Madame Falconer say that I was to have these rooms? Is there not some miserable mistake? There is the blue suite, the amber, the golden, the rose—yet I am shown here."

"There is no mistake, Mrs. Malverne," replied the housekeeper, gravely.

"I was to have been heiress of the abbey, you know," said Mrs. Malverne. "What an idiot I have been! I thought, Gorset, that I might win back my old place even now. Does Madame Falconer never speak of me?"

"Never, ma'am."

"She cherishes resentment then? Better resentment than indifference," said Mrs. Malverne, unable to relinquish all hope. "Who is this new favourite of hers, Gorset? Who is this girl who has supplanted me?"

"Do you refer to my lady's heiress?" asked Mrs.

Gorset, with a spice of malice, for the fair widow had never been liked in the abbey household. "She is Miss Stair, my lady's god-daughter and distant relative."

"The daughter of Julian Stair? Has Madame Falconer taken her out of poverty and obscurity to be her heiress? I suppose the girl's beauty won my lady's favour."

And again Mrs. Malverne sneered.

"Madame Falconer loves Miss Stair as she never loved any human being before," exclaimed Mrs. Gorset, with energy. "And that love is returned. Every one at Blair Abbey, from the highest to the lowest, loves our young lady."

"Ah! the servants are currying favour already with the declared heiress? That's very well, unless my lady should change her mind after all. Old women of eighty are variable as weather vanes. I have more claim upon Madame Falconer than this girl has. I was brought up as the heiress to Blair Abbey. I have done nothing whatever to lose my rights here. My disobedience should have been overlooked. But enough of that," and Mrs. Malverne conquered her ill-temper sufficiently to assume an appearance of calmness. "Am I to have a maid placed at my service?"

"My lady has given no orders to that effect," said the housekeeper. "If you are in any way dissatisfied, it would be well to speak to Madame Falconer. And now, if you will excuse me, I will go down and order a cup of tea to be brought to you."

Mrs. Gorset withdrew, and Helena Malverne was left alone with her thoughts.

They were very bitter, as may be supposed.

"I expected to find the old woman lonely and desolate," she said to herself, frowning darkly. "In that case I think I could have won back my old place. But she is happy and content with her new favourite. I shall find it uphill work to renege myself in her favour, now that this strange girl has supplanted me. Uphill work—downright hard work—but not an impossible one. I shall not give up the task I had set myself because I find an obstacle in the way. No, I vow to myself that I will win back her favour, that I will oust this Miss Stair, that I will be the old woman's heiress. They don't dream of my capabilities! They shall not dream of them," and her pale eyes gleamed, "until I stand upon the pinnacle of success. I have gained a foothold here; I shall not rest until I am mistress of the abbey."

CHAPTER XVI.

At a later hour of the day on which Mrs. Helena Malverne arrived at Blair Abbey Mr. Charles Vernon, attended by his sleek, smooth-faced valet, made his appearance at the wayside inn known as the "Barley Mow," which, it will be remembered, was situated a mile or two distant from the abbey, and at about an equal distance from Waldgrove Castle, the seat of the Trebasils.

He took possession of the quarters he had occupied several months previous, ordered dinner, and made a perfect toilet, in preparation for his visit to the abbey.

"I have made judicious inquiries of the landlord," said Gannard, "and have learned that Miss Lyle is quite recovered from her illness. She went out driving yesterday."

"I was in hope that her ducking had given her a cold that had settled into consumption of the lungs," said Vernon, coolly, giving an artistic twist to his carefully waxed moustache. "So that job has to be done over again. She'll be shy of a boat next time. At any rate, if she were not, it would not do to have two boating accidents in succession, you know."

"Not unless the other accident occurred to the yacht with sailors and captain, so that the singular coincidence could not be laid to your charge," said the valet, meditatively. "Have you any plan for this evening?"

"No. I shall pay a friendly call simply, to pave the way, you know, that's all."

"Madame's got home from abroad along with her heiress," said the valet. "They arrived last evening at the abbey."

"I suppose Trebasil is not at the castle yet?"

"He's in Russia. They say he's not likely to return for years. We must consider his case hereafter. We can devise some plan to recall him to England and remove him out of your way when his removal becomes necessary."

Vernon nodded assent. The two conversed more at length, Miss Lyle being the subject of their discussion. After his early dinner, at about sunset, Vernon set out on foot to visit the abbey.

His pulses beat more rapidly as he turned into the extensive abbey lands and saw the grim gray walls of the hoary pile looming up before him. From the hour of his casual glimpse of Joliette at the London railway terminus, Vernon had thought of her, dreamed of her, as being intimately associated with his fate, as being the one

woman in all the world he would wish to share his destinies. The splendour of her radiant beauty was as vivid in his mind as in the hour he had witnessed it.

"I wonder how she will bear acquaintance!" he said to himself. "She is heiress of Blair Abbey; she will be a grand match for me when I am master of Waldgrove Castle. It is written that that girl is to be my wife. Woe to any one that dare come between us!"

He followed the wide winding avenue, between the rows of grand overarching elms which made the avenue a dim cloistral aisle.

As he neared the abbey he saw two girlish figures side by side, walking slowly towards him through the shadows.

His pace slackened and he watched them keenly.

Both were slender and graceful. One was tall, and was dressed in dark blue cashmere. That was Charlot Lyle. One was smaller, slimmer, of briefer stature, although of medium height, a supple, graceful young creature, clad in wine-coloured velvet and wrapped about with an ermine cloak. That was Joliette.

The two came onward slowly, not seeing the intruder.

He had approached very near to them, near enough to mark the contrast between the radiant dark beauty of the one and the pale blonde loveliness of the other, before they saw him.

As their gaze detected him at last he quickened his steps and held out his hand, exclaiming:

"I am glad to see you again, Miss Lyle. I have called so often to see you and been refused so many times, that I had begun to think you did not mean to forgive me for that unlucky accident so long ago."

Charlot Lyle flushed, but extended her hand in cordial greeting.

"I have been ill all the summer," she answered, "else I would have seen you. No one could possibly blame you for the accident that cost me so much. I have received your flowers and messages, and thank you for all your kindness. Miss Stair," she added, "permit me to present to you my cousin, Mr. Charles Vernon."

Miss Stair bowed, her dusky eyes dwelling for a moment upon Vernon's conscious face. He longed to clasp her hand, but he could only bow and murmur some polite expression of his delight at making her acquaintance.

"I did not know that you were so fortunate as to possess a cousin, Charlot," said Joliette, smiling.

"Did I not tell you?" asked Charlot. "Mr. Vernon is my own cousin, as is also Sir Mark Trebasil. We are all three descendants of the late baronet, who was our grandfather."

The sound of the baronet's name thrilled Joliette to the very centre of her being. She looked at Vernon with keener interest.

So he was the cousin of her own husband—that husband who had so bitterly wronged her—who hated her.

"There is another cousin," remarked Vernon, walking at Joliette's side. "If you are at all interested in the Trebasils, Miss Stair, who are the great people of the county, it may interest you to know that Sir Mark Trebasil's prospective heir is our cousin also, an artist who lives in London and who is helplessly, hopelessly ill—dying slowly—of spinal disease."

Vernon wondered why Joliette's pale olive complexion should grow so suddenly white—why such a startled look should appear in her jetty eyes.

"I am greatly interested in Charlot's relatives," said Joliette, and Vernon marked a tremor in her sweet contralto tones. "Sir Mark Trebasil is a very grand sort of gentleman, is he not?"

"Yes," answered Vernon. "He is adored by his tenants, and is a noble, generous fellow, but a sort of Ho'spur, as fierce as a Spaniard, as vindictive as a red Indian. He never forgives, Miss Stair. That is a family trait," he added, complacently. "The Trebasils never forgive nor forget; they are as implacable as destiny!"

Joliette shivered and drew her ermine cloak closer about her pretty white throat.

"And this artist is supposed to be Sir Mark's prospective heir?" she said, in a low voice.

"He is! There is no supposition in the case," explained Vernon. "Sir Mark is not married and not likely to marry. Harold Park, should he survive the baronet, will inevitably become owner of Waldgrove Castle."

Joliette's thoughts turned to the tiny unowned son of Sir Mark Trebasil—to the baby heir of Waldgrove Castle, whom she dared not declare to be her own child, and a great bitterness took possession of her.

"I should advise Mr. Park not to count too much upon his prospects of succession," she remarked, quietly. "Sir Mark is still young," she added, noting a look of surprise on Vernon's face; "he will probably marry sooner or later. The fashion-

able papers announce his devotion to an English beauty at St. Petersburg."

Vernon regarded Joliette more closely. It occurred to him that the heiress of the abbey might have her own dreams concerning the wealthy baronet—that she might have formed some project of uniting her estates to those of Waldgrove Castle.

"If she has any such little plans, I will nip them in the bud," he said to himself. "But she has not. She is but a young girl, a mere child, with nothing as yet of the passions and schemes that belong to people of the world. She has never known a deeper feeling than a longing for an ornament."

Joliette proposed a return to the abbey. Vernon walked beside the two girls, conversing with them both, and making himself as delightful as possible. They passed among the shadows slowly, and, turning away from the avenue, ascended the terrace, approaching the dwelling by a briefer route.

The drawing-room curtains had not been lowered and the ruddy gleams of the fires gave a red glow to the plate-glass windows. The long twilight had begun. The statues stationed at intervals, like watchers upon the marble balustrade of the terrace, gleamed through the shadows with startling distinctness. The ruined portion of the abbey lay like a great black mass, deserted and gloomy, in vivid contrast with the brightness of the inhabited portion, which was being already lighted.

Joliette led the way to the grand entrance and passed into the immense hall, Charlot Lyle and Vernon following. The girls removed their wrappings and gave them into the hands of servants, and the trio then entered the drawing-room.

A footman was just lighting the gas. Madame Falconer sat alone, crouching before a warm fire, her tiny humpbacked figure nearly hidden in the depths of her great chair. She turned around with a peering look at the entrance of the young people, and her face warmed and lighted as her eyes rested upon her favourite.

"I was just going to send out for you, ma Jolie," she said, in her thin, cracked voice. "I miss you when you are absent from me for a moment."

Madame Falconer's glances rested upon Vernon. Joliette hastened to present him.

"Vernon! Humph!" said the octogenarian, eying him keenly. "Miss Lyle's cousin, you say? Then he's a Trebasil—Ellen Trebasil's son!"

"The same, madame," said Vernon, courteously. "Then you remember my mother?"

"Of course," snapped the aged mistress of the abbey, resenting the implied supposition that her memory had weakened with her years. "Why should I fail to remember her? I knew the Trebasils, root and branch, men and women, and I am not likely to forget Miss Ellen. So you're her son? She was fair—the Trebasils were all fair. I suppose you resemble your father?"

Vernon bowed assent.

"Charlot Lyle is a true Trebasil, with her fair hair and blue eyes; so is Sir Mark; so I have heard is Harold Park, the artist," said Madame Falconer. "Your mother visited me often in her girlish days, Mr. Vernon. For her sake, I bid you welcome to my house."

She spoke with a weird stateliness that was strangely impressive. Vernon expressed his thanks. Madame Falconer motioned him to a seat.

A pleasant conversation followed. The grim old hostess relaxed and softened sufficiently to recall various reminiscences of Miss Ellen Trebasil, and Vernon exerted himself to make a favourable impression. In the midst of their discussion Helena Malverne, dressed in her widow's garb, plentifully ornamented with jet, swept into the room.

Vernon was introduced to the new arrival.

"We are not strangers, I believe, Mrs. Malverne," he said, arising and extending his hand. "I knew you well when you were Miss Wild, during your two London seasons. Surely, you have not forgotten Charles Vernon?"

Evidently Mrs. Malverne had not forgotten him. She held out her hand in cordial greeting.

"This is a delightful surprise," she exclaimed. "I did not expect to meet an old friend to-night. Are you alone?" and she glanced about the room.

"Where is Sir Mark Trebasil?"

"In exile," replied Vernon. "He has been on the Continent during the past two years, and is now in Russia."

"Is he married yet?" inquired Mrs. Malverne, with a perceptible twinge of anxiety.

"No, he is still free," declared Vernon.

Joliette moved away from the light. Madame Falconer uttered a dry cough. Mrs. Malverne grew vivacious, and devoted herself to Vernon, questioning him closely and adroitly concerning the baronet.

A little later, music was had, Joliette being the principal performer. Charlot Lyle sang a little Scotch ballad, and Mrs. Malverne performed a song without words.

Tea was served by a footman, and the little French

clock upon the mantelpiece chimed in silvery notes the hour of ten.

Vernon prepared to take his departure. "Are you staying at the castle, Mr. Vernon?" asked Madame Falconer, as he arose.

"No, madame. I am stopping at the 'Barley Mow'—a wayside inn, which you may know," said Vernon. "A thoroughly respectable place, which affords me a pleasant retreat for a few weeks. My health is not good," he added, plaintively, "and my physician has ordered me country air and outdoor exercise. I desired to find these near my mother's early home, which she loved so well. I have secured two saddle-horses with me, and shall ride a great deal. Do any of the young ladies ride?"

He bestowed an inquiring glance upon all of them. "Miss Stair and Miss Lyle ride," said Madame Falconer, graciously.

"May I be allowed to attend them?" inquired Vernon. "I should like above all things to become acquainted with your wild Cornish scenery, with such guides as these must prove."

"Miss Stair and Miss Lyle ride every morning at ten o'clock, attended by a groom," said the lady of the abbey. "If you desire to accompany them, I shall be pleased to accept your escort for them."

Vernon expressed his gratitude warmly.

"May I not go too, Madame Falconer?" cried Mrs. Malverne, in a gushing, childish way. "It is years since I sat a horse. I should dearly love to visit the old lanes and roads on which I rode so often years ago."

"Of course you can go too," said Madame Falconer, coldly. "There are horses in plenty, and you can borrow a habit of Miss Lyle perhaps, if it would fit you."

"Permit me to offer my cousin a mount, madame," said Vernon. "My horses are gentle—"

"Thank you, no!" interrupted Madame Falconer.

"Miss Lyle always rides one particular horse—a gentle yet spirited animal over which she has perfect control."

"Except when he's frightened, godmother," said Joliette. "Black Diamond is skittish. He shied one day when a small boy started up by the roadside and nearly unseated Charlot. He's not altogether safe; he's so nervous. He watches the hedges and fences as if he expected an enemy to spring out upon him."

"Charlot has never complained," said the old lady. "You should have told me, Miss Lyle. The horse is not safe for you to ride."

"He is more quiet of late, madame," answered Charlot. "I have no fears whatever. He knows my voice, and I can manage him perfectly. I like Black Diamond above all horses, and especially desired to ride him. Duncan was saying yesterday that the horse had grown sodate as any donkey."

"Duncan is a good groom, and I respect his opinion," said Madame Falconer. "Yet I am glad that you will have an escort beside Duncan. Mr. Vernon, take good care of my young people."

Vernon promised gaily, and presently took his leave.

His heart beat high and exultant as he strode down the avenue, and his black eyes glittered, and his breath came quickly.

"Surely the fiend helps me!" he muttered. "I've said it before—I know it now. I have done a good evening's work. I have made the acquaintance of Miss Stair—my future wife. I have made a good impression on the old party who owns the abbey. I have discovered that Helena Malverne has not forgotten her early love for Sir Mark Trebasil—a love which he never knew—and that she means to marry him. She counts without her host. I have arranged for a morning's ride with the three young ladies. Charlot's horse is nervous and skittish, and starts at an unexpected sight or sound—does he? What if my valet were to pop out of a hedge as he came up! Where would Miss Lyle be then? Ha, ha! the fiend helps me! Now to arrange the matter with Gannard. To-morrow night at this time I shall stand one step nearer in succession to the Trebasil property. This is your last night on earth, Miss Charlot Lyle, and yet no stain of murder shall be on my hands!"

He laughed like a demon.

(To be continued.)

BEAVERS IN BUTE.—A few days ago two cases of live animals arrived in Rothesay for the Marquis of Bute, among which were four beavers, which his lordship purposes to naturalize in the island. The site selected for their reception is Drumrah Moor, situated within about two miles from Kilmattan Bay, on the road known by the name of the Moor or Hill Road from Rothesay, where a very substantial and costly edifice has been constructed for their use.

FANCIES ABOUT THE MOON.—Every nation has its traditions and myths about the heavenly bodies. We often talk about the man in the moon; but in Sweden they talk about a boy and girl there. St. Nicholas says: "The peasants' children see, instead of a man,

a boy and girl in the moon, bearing between them a pail of water. This is an old Scandinavian legend, which means a legend known to Sweden and Norway in ancient times, when their name was Scandinavia. The legend says that Maui, the moon, stole these two children, Hjnki and Bil, while they were drawing water from a well. They were lifted up to the moon along with the bucket and well-pole, and placed where they could be seen from the earth. When next you look at the round, full moon, if you have imagination enough, you may see Hjnki and Bil with their pail of water.

TAMING AN AMAZON.

The Lady Arabella Grahame was two-and-twenty. There is no possibility of giving a personal description any significance except by comparisons, so I will tell you that, since the famous Duchess of Marlborough, no English woman ever possessed such beautiful hair or so firm a determination to have her own way. Lady Hester Stanhope was not more eccentric, and as the young lady's income nearly equalled that of Lady Burdett Coutts she was able to gratify her whims to any extent. She was the despair of guardians, governesses, and the whole troop of relations, who wished to mould her into a decorous doll of society; yet those whom she chose to consiliate could not help idolizing her. She was a creature toward whom nobody could hold half feelings. She was extreme, and made others so where she was concerned.

I want you to understand how womanly and fascinating she could be, how kind and generous she was at heart, else you will condemn her as utterly unfeminine, on account of the caprices which had made her celebrated from London to St. Petersburg. She actually kept a betting-book. She was much more merciful to beasts than to men, for the latter she treated with cruelty, driving her lovers and her relatives to despair by the summary way in which she rejected the most eligible offers.

She thought it hard enough to be worried by her kinsmen's interference while still under tutelage; but she resented bitterly the advice and animadversions wherewith they pursued her, after her majority, on each occasion that she threw away some fitting match.

This spring, that saw her twenty-two, the whole clan, from the noble earl who headed the family down to the poorest hangers-on, was shocked and outraged by her disdainful a dual coronet laid at her feet. The troop teased her to such an extent that she deserted London. Accompanied by her ancient governess, her pet vassals, and her Irish mare "Spitfire," the handsomest and worst-tempered brute outside of Pluto's stables, she set sail for France, and descended like a golden-haired Aurora upon Paris. Now the Lady Arabella detested the "city of all delights," and had an old-fashioned British scorn for everything Gallic; but, as she said to her old instructor:

"Purgatory in peace is better than Paradise made a howling wilderness by one's relations."

Mrs. Mocourt looked depressed in spirit by these irreverent comparisons; but recollecting how much her charge had lately been forced to endure, forbore to indulge in a sermon.

"My family!" continued her ladyship, perhaps spurred on to farther exaggeration by her companion's melancholy. "Why, I'd rather have hyenas for cousins, and a jungle tiger would be preferable as an uncle to old Faulconbridge."

"My dear!" expostulated Mrs. Mocourt, "there is not a more delightful man in the world than the earl. Such perfect manners, such—"

"I vote for the tiger," interrupted Lady Arabella; "he'd crunch my bones quietly and be done; but my uncle wants to give me to some worse brute, to be baited, tortured, bound down, tied up, sold, hampered, berated, be—"

"My dearest child!" "Oh, I don't care! I daresay it's coarse and wicked—so much the better! I vow, I'm driven out of my senses, and unless you want to superintend my keep in a madhouse, don't mention marriage or relations in my hearing for at least three months."

"Indeed I will not," replied the old lady, frightened into temporary submission.

"And we'll do everything they call wrong, because it's sure to be enjoyable," pursued Lady Arabella.

Mrs. Mocourt looked still more depressed, whereupon the young woman added, venomously:

"We will! If you don't stop looking shocked, I'll dress in boy's clothes, and I'll shoot pens at the Prince Imperial, and sing the Marseillaise in the opera-house! So be warned in time, you old darling!" (The events I have to relate took place during the Empire.)

Lady Arabella rode her demon-haunted Irish mare in the Bois de Boulogne, snubbed every English

acquaintance who called upon her, was oblivious of the British ambassador's invitations, sent back her cousin's letters unopened, and finally made the family hair to stand on end by a scorching note to the earl.

The epistle was read in full conclave. The spirit of prophecy entered the earl's soul, and his oracular assertions caused the females to weep and the masculines to shudder.

"What," said he, "can be expected of the common herd when the daughter of an almost royal house avows her contempt for birth, station, and all that keeps chaos aloof?"

The earl groaned, the family groaned; but no echo of their lamentations disturbed the recalcitrant Lady Arabella in her pleasant retreat far up the Champs Elysées.

At last the august conclave had to cease its moans from lack of breath, smooth its hair, out of a regard for appearances, and allow this wayward scion of the race to follow her caprices in peace. They did not seem very dangerous caprices at present.

Mrs. Mocourt consoled the earl by a secret letter giving an account of their quiet life. She was only obliged to chronicle one painful eccentricity on the part of her former pupil. Lady Arabella had seen fit to make a pet of a young bear, which she kept chained in the court-yard, frightening the whole neighbourhood into fits at least six times each day by reports of its escape. The neighbourhood complained, the police interfered. Arabella laughed in their faces, and stood by her bear.

The earl was glad to compound for so innocent an eccentricity, and Paris regarded it as another specimen of British insanity.

But in less than a week the soothing effects of Mrs. Mocourt's missive were done away by an act on the young woman's part which caused telegraphs and newspapers to be busy with her name, and made her more stared at when she appeared in public than anybody since the days of the Siamese twins.

The Marquis de Cherville had for some time past devoted himself to training a filly for pretty Madame de Beauchamp, the most timid of equestrians and graceful of women.

The marquis was really a charming specimen of the gilded youth of the noblest faubourg, but he had never succeeded in ridding himself of one prejudice—he detested the daughters of Albion, and held the Lady Arabella in secret abhorrence.

The autumn previous the marquis had stayed at a friend's house in the Highlands. During the first days of his sojourn the Lady Arabella was there also. Her great wolf-dog nearly ate him up as he descended at the door, and the unreasonable damsel hated him in consequence. They would never be introduced, and while she remained she excelled herself in outré opinions and performances, in order to horrify her enemy. She nearly shot him by accident one morning, never hesitated to express her conviction that he was a muff, and physicked her dog lest he should run the risk of being poisoned from that nip at the Frenchman's calves.

Naturally, neither forgot nor forgave. The peeress's name had the same effect on the marquis that a red rag has on a mad bull. He charged full tilt at Albion and its maids with bitter anathemas. In return, Lady Arabella made his title synonymous with everything silly or effeminate; whatever she wished to stigmatize as utterly unendurable she denominated a "De Cherville." As they had scores of mutual friends both in England and France, of course each heard all the harsh criticisms pronounced by the other, and was spurred on to increased enmity.

On an ill-fated Tuesday the marquis was exercising the filly in one of the broad alleys of the Bois. He was in an especially amiable mood, the most stylish possible costume—altogether quite a modern Apollo. Rush—whiz—flash, out of a narrow path that made so short a turn that nobody but a maniac or an English woman would have ridden fast around it, darted Lady Arabella on the back of her fiend of an Irish mare. She saw nothing, and could not have checked the brute if she had seen. Like a cannon-ball the Hibernian fury dashed against the filly, knocked her down, added a vicious kick, which settled the business, and when the marquis could realize anything he found himself lying on the ground with his shoulder-blade broken, and the filly absolutely uttering a dying groan.

Only Spitfire's strength and her mistress's quickness prevented their also having an ugly tumble. On they dashed, like a female impersonation of the Centaur, but, as soon as she could, Lady Arabella reined in the mare, and turned her, prancing and rearing with all her fury fully roused, back to the spot where the accident occurred.

The unfortunate marquis was trying to raise himself from the earth. His eyes met the lady's; each recognized an implacable foe. She looked contemptuously past the wounded man, gazed, for

an instant, upon the quivering frame of the expiring filly, then regarded her own steed. She saw that not a scratch had befallen the mare; then, without a word, or another glance at the prostrate Frenchman, she put Spitfire at her speed, and vanished down the alley. Presently her groom appeared in view, but he was too much occupied getting within sight of his mistress to notice any other mundane object.

Of course, before night the story was all over Paris. If the marquis had been inclined to keep the affair a secret he could not have done so. But he had no such desire. Gallant son of Gaul though he was, the blonde beauty's disregard of the consequences of her recklessness upset his self-control. He had the victim buried, and over her grave he erected a wooden monument, with this inscription:

"FAUVETTE, aged four years and eight months. Murdered May 10th, 18—, by Lady Arabella Grahame, Englishwoman."

The grave was at Montmorency, and the curiosity-dovoured Parisians rushed in shoals to read the epitaph, abuse the British peeress, and scatter garlands over the tomb of Fauvette.

The marquis submitted, with such patience as masculine nature can summon, to the decrees of the doctors, lay in bed, nursed his shoulder, and meditated some sweet revenge. Everybody was interested in his state, except the Lady Arabella. She played with her bear, rode Spitfire, and made no sign.

Wherever she appeared people stared at her as if she were a Frankenstein monster; but she seemed unconscious, and even Mrs. Mocourt dared not hint a word of reproof, or name the subject in her presence. To add to the scandal, the history of her first meeting with the marquis in the Highlands was narrated and enlarged, until the mildest form it took was, that she had set her wolf-dog on him, challenged him to a duel, and, when he refused, fired a pistol at him. The overthrow of the filly was decided to be a deliberate attempt at assassination.

De Cherville recovered from his hurt, but his wounded spirit was by no means healed. He flung gallantry to the winds. Supported by the unanimous verdict of his friends, he resolved to treat the creature just as one would a man under similar circumstances. He sent his lawyer to her, demanding payment for the filly. Lady Arabella chanced to be in the court-yard, feeding her bear, as the legal emissary applied for admittance, having explained his business in the clearest language.

"Show him here," said the irate daughter of the Grahames, when the footman repeated the message as nearly as he dared.

Into the court-yard marched the avocet, very stately and grand, but his composure gave way at the sight of the lady standing under a lind-tree with the half-grown cub, erect on his hind-legs, his forepaws resting on her shoulder, bound only by a chain, which looked very frail and insecure to the startled servant of justice.

"What are you skipping into the air for?" demanded Lady Arabella, at a sudden but not unnatural movement on the lawyer's part. "Did you come from Charenton?"

"From the Marquis de Cherville," stammered he.

"Very little difference," quoth her ladyship. "You came from a mad man instead of a madhouse! What do you want?"

The lawyer explained, his eloquence sorely disturbed by sundry growls from Bruin. Lady Arabella heard him through, burst out laughing, then rushed suddenly into a tremendous rage, and said:

"Walk through that gate in half a second, or I'll set the bear on you!"

She made a motion to undo the animal's chain. Bruin was growling again, and showing his sharp young teeth in a frightful grin. The lawyer gathered up his dignity and the skirts of his long coat and fled, pursued by a burst of laughter from Lady Arabella, in which the bear joined with alarming energy. The crest-fallen avocet returned to the marquis to report his ill success, of course embellishing his account, till, by the time it was thrice repeated, the story ran that Bruin had been set on him, and that he had narrowly escaped with his life.

The marquis was not inclined to forego vengeance, nor was he at the end of his resources. He renounced the idea of a civil suit, and carried the matter into a more powerful court, so far as the world of fashion and the turf were concerned. Everybody knows that the Jockey Club in Paris is a tribunal from whose decisions no gentleman would dream of appealing, and it has frequently been called on as umpire in equine difficulties.

The case was brought before the club, and a unanimous verdict rendered against the Lady Arabella. She was reprimanded severely for her recklessness and adjudged to pay the price of the filly. The decision was transmitted to the young woman, written on illuminated parchment, made awful by historical names and tremendous seals.



[CONQUERED AT LAST.]

The Lady Arabella rent the sheet carefully into sixteen pieces, crowded the ends into a small white glove, and sent the whole back to the club in a dainty, silk-lined work-basket.

She had committed the crowning insult—the unpardonable sin. If she had boxed the ears of the grandest duchess in the Faubourg St. Germain, society could not have been more outraged. The newspapers teemed with the quarrel, and they published caricatures of the British peeress. The market-women chose her name as a new expression of abuse for their wide vocabulary, the gamins chanted original songs of condemnation under her windows, and nothing short of a republican outbreak could have roused such a disturbance.

English and titled though she was, the verdict of White's and Newmarket went against her. Her noble relations nearly went mad, and debated the propriety of immuring Lady Arabella in a private lunatic asylum—a design only relinquished from a fear of the retribution the abandoned young woman would surely work, sooner or later.

The sole person utterly unmoved was the Lady Arabella. Mrs. Mocourt wept herself half blind; the maids lived in hysterics; at every sound in the street the male servants rushed to barricade the entrance, under the impression that the enraged populace, headed by the marquis and the Jockey Club, were coming to tear the household limb from limb. But her ladyship preserved her composure unbroken, and even began an elaborate piece of embroidery as an occupation for her mornings. It was odd enough to see her sitting tranquilly at work, looking so beautiful and refined in her white draperies, while the people shouted her name in the streets, and her subordinates trembled in corners. She was deaf to the entreaties of those faithful adherents that she would leave Paris—never, till the storm subsided; it should not be said she ran away! Some new excitement soon diverted public attention. Lady Arabella was left in quiet, save so far as letters or daily demands from the marquis were concerned. Then a private affliction befell her; the

cherished bear died so suddenly that his demise was attributed to poison, but the culprit could not be discovered.

So Lady Arabella rushed back to England in such haste that her servants had scarcely time to pack the boxes. She absolutely paid the earl a visit, and conducted herself with such utter unconsciousness of having given offence that the family was agast at her assurance, but dared not so much as whistle.

The earl, softened by her charms, and the witty stories wherewith she lightened the patrician dullness of the castle, determined to set matters straight in spite of her. He could not help loving the wayward creature. He knew that the marquis still besieged her with letters; newspapers, adverse to the family, kept the affair fresh in people's minds, and he found somewhere a brilliant idea upon which he decided to act. He would write to De Cherville in his niece's name, pay the price of the murdered filly, and end the scandal.

But no member of the Grahame race could ever do anything without first bringing the matter before the family conclave. The consequence was that Lady Arabella discovered what was going on, and descended, like an enraged Juno, on the august junta when it was assembled for the purpose of concocting a suitable epistle.

"You are writing a letter to the Marquis de Cherville," said she, and the instant the assembly heard her voice it trembled.

The tone was ominously calm. When Lady Arabella paused the family knew she might be coaxed; but when she spoke with that slow coldness the family had learned it would be safer to trifle with a lion, or any other wild animal of which she might chance to make a passing favourite.

The family stared at the earl, the earl shook in his shoes, but, feeling there was no escape, said, haltingly:

"My dear, I thought—we all thought—"

"I beg none of you will weary yourselves by so

unusual an effort," returned Lady Arabella, sweetly, as her noble relative broke down.

"This," said the earl, making a dash at his dignity, "is—a matter in which the family honour is concerned. You—you really must permit us to—to act, my love."

"The family honour!" quoth she. "When was it grafted on the ancestral tree? Much Jack yonder knows about it."

Jack was a titled cousin, with many aristocratic follies written down against his name.

"I should think Mary would like to talk of it," pursued her ladyship.

Mary was a marchioness, who had not lived with her legal master for some years.

The marchioness burst into a flood of hysterical tears; the other women gathered sympathetically about her, and there would have been a very lachrymose scene if that blundering Jack had not thrown dirty water over her from a bouquet-glass in his bewilderment. The feminines flew at him in a body, the marchioness called him several names which had no place among his ancestral titles, but Lady Arabella interrupted the side tempest.

"One moment," said she. "You can follow up your private quarrels at any time, good people! Just now I am the person under consideration, and I want my affairs settled before I leave the room. What have you to say farther, Lord Faulconbridge?" she asked, turning towards the earl.

"If you will only be reasonable!" he groaned.

"And I a Grahame!" returned she. "My dear uncle, don't expect impossibilities."

Her jest encouraged the relations to think she was giving way, and there was a faint chorus of expostulation, which she checked unceremoniously.

"Ah, you want war," said she. "Well, you shall have it."

"My dear niece!" began the earl, but she had gone into one of her passions and was past listening.

"Take one step towards meddling with me, or anything that concerns me, now or in the future, and I will make you long to emigrate in a body to some South Sea island where the Grahame name never was heard of," cried she, in her clearest, most deliberate voice, which sounded as hard as iron.

New expostulations from the earl, outcries from the women, threats from the men. The Grahame blood was well up on both sides.

But Lady Arabella conquered. She stung each one of them neatly and fearfully in turn, she covered the group with confusion, paralyzed it with wrath, then added:

"Do this if you dare—mind, if you dare! I am Helena Faulconbridge's grand-daughter! Some of you remember her, and were in the castle the night she set it on fire to punish this wonderful family for its insolence. I have as much courage as she had, and more brains. I'll do worse than burn you in your beds, my cousins!"

The women wept, the men groaned, but standing there in their midst, cold and white, the girl looked so much like the portrait of the dreaded ancestress, whose name had scarcely been mentioned aloud for forty years till Lady Arabella uttered it as a battle cry, that the whole troop was speedily struck dumb.

She saw her advantage, and followed it up without mercy.

"If you presume to interfere," she went on, and her words cut like hail-stones, "if one among you, from Lord Faulconbridge down to the poorest, neediest, laziest of the name—who prefers to be a fawning dependent to earning his living like an honest man—has the intolerable impertinence to meddle in this matter, I will write letters to the newspapers in London and Paris denying this grand family's authority to act, and if you use my name I will bring an action against you in a court of justice."

She swept out of the room, and left the conclave reduced to a state of coma.

For three days she made their waking hours torture by the pitiless lash of her tongue, all the time appearing in her sweetest, gayest mood, and agonized their rest in the quiet watches with fearful nightmares.

She caused each in turn to disturb the silence by hideous outcries, so that everybody rushed frantically through the galleries mad with fears that the girl possessed by the spirit of old Helena had set fire to the illustrious mansion.

Having tormented and frightened them until the work ceased to be amusing, she summoned her faithful Mocourt, and the rest of her attendants, and with scant leave-taking to the earl, and none whatever for the rest of the clan, she departed.

Secret intelligence had reached her that the marquis was coming to England, and though not in the least disposed to yield the conflict, she wanted a short armistice.

So she and her train floated over to Switzerland, and for a time she was left in peace. But Mocourt's

passion for letter-writing, and her loyal desire to relieve the earl's uneasiness, again exposed Lady Arabella to the enemy's attacks.

During the long midsummer days, while the amazon was reposing amid the beauties of Interlachen, renewed epistles from the marquis beset her, a daily shower, thicker than the locusts in Egypt.

At last, John brought news to James, and James to the maid, and she to Mrs. Mocourt. The miserable old lady flew in despair to her pupil. The marquis had arrived, and set up his tent in Interlachen! She was so long in getting out her tidings that Lady Arabella lost patience.

"You stupid old dear," said she, "unless you speak and have done, I'll not let you open your mouth for a week. What is the earl at now?"

"It's not the earl," moaned Mocourt, "it's the marquis—right opposite our hotel. Came this evening."

There never was any counting on the way in which Lady Arabella would receive unpleasant tidings. She saw fit to be immensely amused by this proceeding on the Frenchman's part, and, being rather tired of Interlachen and its loveliness, determined to give him the slip.

At break of dawn she and her troop departed, and she did not allow them to rest till they reached Baden. But in less than a week the crowds that thronged the kursal had a fresh topic of conversation. The marquis appeared; the old stories were revived, and Lady Arabella stared at, as if she had been a two-faced woman or any other startling monstrosity.

"Since he likes travelling he shall have enough of it," she vowed. "He shall turn himself into a new addition of the Wandering Jew if he follows me."

Mocourt wept, the other attendants groaned, but off they had to set. Along the Rhine went Lady Arabella and her flock, and the marquis pursued. The adventure grew more interesting. The Amazon found excitement in eluding his pursuits, and forced her people to submit to out-of-the-way routes and unheard-of disguises. But the marquis proved as keen of scent as a sleuth-hound. No matter what cunning she displayed, or how retired the spot in which she hid, there never were many days of quiet. He found her out, followed, and she again took up her march. She grew tired of obscure routes and small villages; autumn had come, and she sought Berlin. In three days the newspapers announced the Frenchman's arrival, detailed the romance, gave her portrait, made her once more the mark of all eyes and tongues.

She fled to Dresden; the marquis hunted her among the countless marvellous teapots, and again rendered life a burden. She debated with herself whether she should try Russia, and have the pleasure of meeting her enemy with his nose frozen; but, recollecting that her own might freeze while she was enjoying his misfortune, she turned in another direction.

She reached Munich. The marquis was there six hours after. Away to Prague; but the marquis was on her track. She went several days' journey down the Danube, disguised as a peasant, with poor old Mocourt transformed into a spectacled market-woman, the maid's existence rendered a torture by an unbecoming dress, and John and James attired as huntsmen. To support the character properly, the men drank more beer than was wise, and told the whole story to some English-speaking Germans on board.

A boat passed as Lady Arabella sat on deck looking like one of the disguised princesses of fairy tales. She beheld the marquis tranquilly smoking his cigar. He lifted his travelling-cap courteously at sight of her, but she was too weary to enjoy the absurd side of the encounter. Instead of going on to the town where she had intended to stop, she halted at a miserable little village, in which there was no place to sleep, nothing to eat, and no post-horse to carry her forward. The next morning steeds were provided; away she dashed, and at the end of the day learned she had been travelling at the marquis's expense. He had sent the horses and paid the bills. Lady Arabella actually cried from vexation.

She got to Milan, but De Cherville was there before her. The story of the flight and pursuit had spread, and every tongue wagged in eager recitation. As she passed through the station, worn out, dusty, miserable, with her more miserable train, half the idle people in the town were collected to stare at her.

Give in she would not. The marquis should be killed with fatigue, if she made a cripple or an idiot of herself in the work.

By rail to Bologna, Ancona, Rome. The marquis enriched the telegraph by the occupation he afforded it, and saved his laziness a tiresome journey.

He went to Genoa, dropped down to Civita Vecchia, by steamer, and met her in the Eternal City, looking as amiable and elegant as if he had just

strolled out of his club on the Boulevard des Italiens.

The stories followed and grew, but Lady Arabella did not know that the imaginative Romans were adding fresh romance to the chronicle.

It was said, and believed, that there had been love passages between the two; that she had shot him in the Highlands from jealousy; but nobody ventured to tell her ladyship.

She received frequent letters from her pursuer; encountered him wherever she turned, on the Pincio, in picture galleries. If she took a box at the opera, he was visible in one opposite.

Worse than all, he adopted the plan of doing every sort of courteous thing by her, and she began to understand that, for the first time in her life, she had met more than her match.

It annoyed her beyond measure to discover that he was wonderfully handsome, and not a day passed without her hearing of words and deeds which proved him possessed of a good head and heart; and altogether she had to fight hard with herself in order to hate him as bitterly as was desirable.

She went to Naples—sailed to Sicily. He confronted her on the Via Toledo, and bowed to her in the shadow of Elma, having made her inland journey easy and nearly driven her out of her senses by his kindness. The very flowers she admired in her room were placed there by his orders. All she could do was to fling them out of the window, and then be ashamed of displaying such weakness before such profound generalship.

It was more than a year from the luckless Tuesday on which Lady Arabella and the Irish mare slew Fayette and maimed the marquis, that the damsel found herself in Florence. Now, Florence is one of the most bewitching places this side of Paradise. Everybody does what he pleases there, and everybody else talks about it, not in a censorious way, but with frank approval, imputes the most atrocious motives to all actions, thinking it no more harm to commit the sins so openly canvassed.

The marquis arrived; took rooms in face of Lady Arabella's apartment; sent her bouquets; followed her carriage on horseback; quarrelled with a man for nearly being run over by her coachman; watched her in her lodge at the Pergola; and Florence caught up the romantic side of the story, and believed it.

There had been a secret marriage; an unscrupulous rival had made trouble at the very altar, by some proof-attested tale of the marquis's treachery. Lady Arabella fled in wrath, after a terrible scene, which the story-tellers elaborated with great talent. She had renounced him for ever, rent her wedding-veil, flung the nuptial-ring at his feet, and rushed from the sacred edifice, calling down the vengeance of heaven upon her newly plighted lord. The marquis wanted an opportunity to clear himself from the ingeniously concocted plot, and whithersoever she journeyed he pursued, besetting her with entreaties and prayers, to which she would not listen.

But this narrative, interesting as it was, speedily palled on the jaded appetites of Florentine gossips. They required something still more highly spiced. They reversed the incidents in the melodrama. It was Lady Arabella who had been denounced in the church! Some fiend of a woman whom the marquis had slighted hired a villain to trouble their peace; and he succeeded so well that the marquis burst away with frightful anathemas. Since that evil hour he had scourged Europe to escape his bride, but she followed him everywhere, hoping against hope, trusting that time and perseverance might clear up the mystery or soften the marquis into belief of her protestations.

This version of the chronicle reached poor old Mocourt at length, and her last glimmer of sense and reason gave way. She was worn to a shadow by endless pilgrimages over land and sea; her nerves had grown frailer than thread paper, and her religion a dumb fatalism, which let in no ray of light; but this was the crowning blow.

She lay down on her bed determined to die; but between her gasps and sobs, made so much worse in reaching the final consummation, that Lady Arabella was disturbed, and rushed in to learn what had happened. At sight of her Mocourt went off into spasms. Evidently, the first thing to be done was to restore the poor creature to composure. After Arabella had spilled a great bottle of aromatic vinegar over her, scorched her with ammonia, and dosed her with red ink, which she mistook for lavender, Mocourt was able to sit up, wring her hands, and weep like a fountain, which did her good.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Lady Arabella. "Is it your stomach or your heart?"

"Oh, oh," squeaked Mocourt. "Don't laugh—you'll make me worse than ever. I'd as soon see you laugh at your own funeral."

"I only wanted to cheer you up a little, my poor old dear," said her pupil. "I don't suppose anything has happened! You are completely worn out, and the least thing upsets your nerves."

"It's not my nerves!" moaned Mocourt. "Oh, what will the earl say? I shall be blamed; the whole family will believe it my fault; they'll pounce on me; I know they will!"

"Let me see them try it!" returned Lady Arabella. "But what is it they will think your fault?"

"The whole story! Oh, nothing so dreadful ever happened to anybody! My poor, dear girl—my own love!"

She began to kiss her former slave, and dampen her with fresh tears. Lady Arabella was forced to submit for fear the poor old soul would become an utter lunatic if not humoured.

"Now try to tell me what troubles you," she said, after Mrs. Mocourt was restored once again to a semblance of composure.

So, in a series of jerky squawks, interspersed with much red-lavender drinking, the old lady related the slanders in their full atrocity.

Her listener quailed for the first time. It occurred to her that she was paying rather dearly for gratifying her obstinacy and her love of wayward freaks. But she had self-control enough left to hide the full extent of her dismay from poor Mocourt.

"It doesn't matter what the Florentines say," she averred. "They are noted for never telling the truth—but the English here are worse than the natives."

"Slander is always believed," groaned Mocourt; "everywhere, and always will be, this side of Heaven."

There was so much truth in the assertion that Lady Arabella staggered for an instant and could not speak.

"Slander will fly of itself," sobbed Mocourt, waxing oracular in her anguish. "The winds carry it; the birds of the air repeat it; just remember your Virgil! Remember how it always is," she continued, shaking like an inspired Pythonesse, between the effects of her own eloquence and her dread of rousing her friend's anger. "Look at history; read the newspapers! No, don't; they're not fit—Oh, oh, if you would only have listened to me!"

"What can I do?" asked Lady Arabella, almost humbly.

"For Heaven's sake, pay the man, and go straight back to England," shrieked Mocourt.

"To be nagged by the whole tribe! Never!" cried Arabella.

"The villain ought to be killed. These stories all come from him, I am sure," wept Mocourt. "Hideous monster!"

"Don't slander his personal appearance. He is very handsome!"

"I never look at him. I turn my head always, and we meet him so often that I feel like a testotum," gurgled Mocourt.

"I have a dozen of his photographs," replied Lady Arabella. "He sent me so many I got tired of tearing them up. But, come, you must go to sleep now."

"I shall never sleep again," replied the governess, in a tone as despairing as Macbeth's. "If we stayed here a twelvemonth I should not doze during the whole time!"

But Lady Arabella secretly vowed that she should slumber tranquilly within two hours. She administered a dose of morphia in the lavender, and at last Mocourt buried her tear-stained face in the pillows, and slept in spite of herself.

Lady Arabella bent over her, kissed the wrinkled forehead, filled with remorse when she saw how sorely her kind old friend had aged during the past weary year.

She went softly out of the room to visit the maid, who was ill in bed with a feverish cold, but heard only a new monologue of entreaties, and fled in haste.

James met her, respectful, but full of grievances, and John's voice rose from below stairs, crooning a dismal chant.

The old palace turned into a dungeon, in which she could not breathe another instant. She ordered James to call the carriage, and bid a groom take her saddle-horse outside the San Gallo Gate. She arrayed herself in her habit, put on a thick veil, drove outside the town, and mounted her horse. She would not let the groom follow. The carriage could go up to Fiesole, and wait for her there. She would drive home.

So she rode up the winding road, and by the time she reached the quaint old town it was almost sunset. Beyond stretched a road where she could have a good gallop. But first she reined in her horse, and sat looking down upon the beautiful scene spread out beneath her, though it was half hidden from her eyes by an unaccustomed rush of tears.

She was looking back over her life, so lonely and unsatisfactory, in spite of its splendour. She regretted now the unfeminine spirit which had animated her in this contest with the marquis. She tried to shift the blame from her own shoulders, but it was impossible. It had been such idiotic fol—

worse! Scandal had attacked her now, and would never leave her till she was dead. She had always relied on the purity of her motives and conduct to keep the coarsest tongue from assailing her name; but she realized at length that no human being who transgresses the set laws of society can escape. Her exalted rank would only make the tale more widely spread—every man's hand, or worse, every woman's hand, would be against her.

She cried a little, then she took refuge in thoughts of the marquis. She could not help fancying how pleasant such care and attention as he had shown during the past months would be, if fate had not put it out of their power to be friends. Then she grew angry with herself for such silly imaginings, wiped away her tears, and set off at a mad canter.

She thought she heard horse's hoofs behind her, and rode the faster. Her fiery gray took fright at some object in the road, shied suddenly, stumbled, fell, and, for the first time in her life, Lady Arabella was thrown from the saddle.

When she came to her senses she was neither dead nor harmed. She had been moved to the roadside, where was a stone bench—a fountain at a little distance. Somebody was standing beside her; he turned at a sound she uttered. She was face to face with the marquis!

"Don't try to move," he said. "Let me give you some more water."

She had no intention of stirring, simply because she could not. She leaned back helpless, faint. He looked so handsome in the soft twilight, standing bareheaded before her, his dreamy eyes full of interest, his voice so gentle.

"I—I should like to get back. I can ride now, I think," was the first remark she hazarded.

But she was informed that her horse had galloped back to Fiesolé, and his had followed it. A ragged boy passed, and the marquis ordered him to send on a carriage he would find waiting in the village square.

"I—I can't thank you," she murmured.

"There is no need!" he replied. "I am very grateful that I was able to help you."

Was it possible that he did not recognize her in the dim light? If he remembered her could he stand there and talk like that? She must make her identity known. His scorn and anger would be a little punishment for all her silly conduct—she would have applied a harsher name now.

"Perhaps, if you had known, you would not have helped me," she began, had to stop a little, then, vexed with her own timidity, went on, in a firmer tone, "I am Lady Arabella Graham."

"Of course, I know it!" he exclaimed. "Of all human beings I could have aided I am most thankful that it was you."

The conquered Amazon sank back in her seat, and burst into a fit of weeping as tumultuous as if she had been sixteen.

"I—I can't bear it," she gasped, then was so near hysterics for the first time in her life that she could neither speak nor hear, could do nothing but sob, and choke, and make faces.

When the faculty of hearing returned she concluded that she had gone stark, staring mad. Her senses refused to give credence to the words the marquis poured out.

He was in the middle of his speech, and evidently supposed she had heard what went before.

"You will drive me from you; but, at least, it is a comfort to say it—I love you!—I love you! I can't tell when it began. I think now in the early days of my unmanly pursuit. But since then I have followed, because to breathe the same air with you, catch sight of your face, was heaven itself—the only happiness I could ever hope for."

Lady Arabella checked her sobs, held her reeling senses fast, sat upright, and stared at him.

"You—you are punishing me too severely," she said. "Be generous; content yourself with having saved my life. Don't laugh at me."

"Can you think it?" he cried. "I love you, I say—I love you! I know I am wrong to persecute you now; but try to think kindly of me—to tolerate me."

Like a handsome hero in the bye-gone days of chivalry, he sank on his knees, and told his story, and she listened, entranced, while the nightingale sang a soft refrain to his words, and the Italian moon rose suddenly from behind the hills, and floated in glory up the sky.

"Speak to me!" he pleaded. "Tell me that I don't seem a complete stranger! Let me hope, at least, to be ranked among your friends—I will ask no more as yet. I will be patient as man never was; live on a look—a smile—"

He stopped abruptly. Some incoherent exclamation she uttered made him lift his eyes to hers. He read the consciousness which had suddenly dawned upon her own soul.

During these months in which he had played so important a part in her life she had learned to love him! In an instant the truth became so familiar that she could hardly believe she had never known it before.

It was some time before they remembered the proprieties of life. By this they had talked themselves far past the possibility of misunderstanding. The carriage drove up, and halted near.

De Cherville led her toward it. He was saying: "You will even consent to go to England, and gratify the earl, by having the marriage at home?"

"I will do whatever you tell me," she answered, trying to laugh, and beginning to cry, "It's no use for me to rebel! The Amazon is tamed, and I am glad to relinquish the charge of her."

The family beamed with delight, welcomed the couple rapturously, and the earl made a speech so full of remarkable similes and tautological strophes that it was considered the crowning effort of his life.

The approaching nuptials were announced, and Paris went wild with astonishment, but consoled itself by deciding that the marquis had given in to English manners and habits until he was as mad as the maddest of them all. F. L. E.

THE COLD AND CRUEL WORLD.

Love—that is, the romantic love which exists between two lovers—is something which no one ever has any sympathy with in real life. People who rejoice in the joys of the lovers who figure in literature, and weep when they are parted, turn up their noses when Mr. Brown pays attention to Miss Jones, and wonder "what on earth they see in each other;" and if something that is truly tragic to these young people happens, coolly remark that "that match is broken off, and it is a good thing for both parties that it is so."

A stolen kiss, if seen, creates a laugh; a squeeze of the hand, if detected, is a great joke. I, myself, who claim to be romantic, did smile at a shadow picture cast upon the wall of the white garden fence next door by unenviable gaslight, when I saw the shadow of the young lady with much waterfall feed the shadow of the young gentleman with no whiskers with sugar-plums and then kiss it; but the shadows were very black, and took odd tricks in their noses as they moved to and fro, and that may have been the cause of my mirth.

All people have been in love, or will be, and their own love is delightfully sentimental; but they can't understand that other folk's should be the same. How is it they put up with so much of it in poetry and song? Now, there is the sentimental member of the quartette that keeps our row awake at night; how often he bleats forth tenderly Moore's "Love's Young Dream!"

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

It's certainly true, but let that young man only say it in the parlour, making an original remark of it without rhyme, and his fellow-creatures will never after give him any peace of his life. He knows it, too. Catch him saying it! And yet they all know, and so do you and I, that "We'll never meet a joy so sweet," etc.

Oh, dear, what a world it is. The best feelings must be bottled up, the prettiest things poked away. If you hang out your heart, daws are sure to peck at it. And even your sister Anne, who would rejoice over your possession of a new dress, or your grandmother, who would nurse you through a fever, will either of them grieve or rejoice with you over your Orlando? M. K. D.

FACETIÆ.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The night-light.—Punch.

"HAVE you any ice?" asked a gentleman of a waiter at a restaurant. "No, sir," was the reply; "but the water we have is three degrees colder."

HAVING been fined for adulterating bread with alum, a Scotch baker has acquired among his neighbours the appellation of Moolum More.

A SUSPICIOUS OLD GRANNY!—"My dear child, this telegram is not from George! I've known George's handwriting ever since he was a boy, and this is quite different!"—Punch.

"I wish you had been Eve," said a clever boy to his old aunt, proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple instead of dividing it."

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police-court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honour," he replied, with much emphasis.

OLD CAMPAIGNER.—An old veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow, "my sister Agnes has been engaged eleven times."

A LADY went into a telegraph office the other day, and after handing in her message, particularly

requested that the answer should not be read by any of the operators, as she expected it would be of a private nature.

NOT LIKELY.

Tommy: "I say, auntie, the man says the salt water makes your legs strong. Is that true?"

Auntie: "Good gracious me! how should I know?" [Yet she had been down to the sea every season for the last twenty years.]—Judy.

PRESENT OF MIND.—An Oxford undergraduate was asked to point out which were the greater and which were the lesser prophets. For a moment this was a "poser" to the young "hopeful. He soon rallied, however, and answered, with grave deliberation: "I never like to make invidious distinctions."

A LICK FROM A LOCUST.

Police Sergeant: "Why, Roberts, how come you on duty in plain clothes?"

Roberts: "Beg parding, sergeant, but the force is getting such a bad name, now—thought I'd drop the uniform!"

A LITERAL-MINDED youngster was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there's money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a sixpence when I was at grandmother's the other day."

PERFECTLY SAFE.

Miss Ross: "Oh! I'm so afraid of accidents Mr. Jones; every motion of the boat makes my head swim."

Jones: "Well, you are perfectly safe. Can't drown, you know, as long as your head swims."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—An announcement published in the sporting papers states that a well-known Shoffelder has offered 100*l.* for a handicap. We don't know the current price of these things, as they're not used in our family; but trust the purchase may be completed and the bargain found satisfactory on both sides.—Fun.

IRREVERENT.

Policeman (on the occasion of our "Confirmation"): "Stop! stop! Go back! You mustn't come in here! We're expectin' o' the bishop every minute!"

Cabby (fortissimo): "All right! Why, I've got the old buffer inside!"—Punch.

ALL THE SAME.—Thompson always thought he could write a good comedy, and he got Johnson to sit down and hear him read it. But at the end of the second act, Johnson got up and said: "It's first-rate, old fellow, I assure you, only I can't stop any longer, because I've got a particular appointment; but, look here, I'll send my little boy up to you, and you can read the rest to him."—Judy.

A DILEMMA.—Ladies unaccompanied with gentlemen are not admitted to the concerts of the Champs Elysées in Paris. Quite recently a lady presented herself at the gate, and the ticket-taker intercepted her, saying, "Pardon, madame, ladies cannot go in alone." The lady answered, with unfeigned candour, "But, sir, what am I to do? My poor husband has just died—the day before yesterday."

BEDFORDSHIRE.—Dr. Lankester thinks the Duke of Bedford's gatekeepers have a prescriptive right to kill cabmen. If somebody had got the right to kill coroners when they make idiotic assertions, we might save something in fees, and prevent a time-honoured institution from becoming ridiculous. If cabmen were dukes and coroners were sensible people—but no matter.—Fun.

MODEST ASPIRATIONS.—"James," says one unheeded youth to another, "if some kind fairy were to promise you whatever you wished for, what would you request? Would you ask for Oriental splendour, boundless wealth, the command of a tremendous army, with which, like 'Macedonia's madman,' you might conquer the world; or for high offices, titles, and honours—or, in short, what would you wish for?" James wiped the candy from his mouth, and replied: "A Jew's-harp and a stand-up collar."

TWISTING A COX.—A man who hadn't much talent for conundrums, in attempting to get off one at a tea-party at his own house, the other evening, got exceedingly confused. He intended to ask the old question, "Why is woman like ivy?" the familiar but gallant answer to which is, "Because the more you're ruined the closer she clings." But he put it, "Why is ivy like a woman?" Which none of the ladies could tell, and so the unfortunate man himself told them it was "Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."

A VERY vain Scotch preacher, having delivered a sermon in the hearing of a literary gentleman, pressed him, with a mixture of self-complacency and injudiciousness, to state what he thought of the sermon. The gentleman remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length the literary gentleman admitted, "There was one very

fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

PRASEWORTHY INDUSTRY.

"Well, Leonora, what have you and Harold been doing at Aunt Mabel's to-day?"

"Had dinner."

"And what did you do after dinner?"

"Had tea."

"And what did you do between dinner and tea?"

"Had some cake."

At one of the public schools a little boy spelled the word "sob," and when asked to define it, he blurted out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it busts out itself."

A SCHOOL BOARD PERPLEXITY.

Active Member (to mother of numerous "Irregulars" and "Absentees"): "Joseph is just turned thirteen, and therefore 'clear'; Simon, you tell us, is sickening for the measles, and Mary is gone into the country to nurse her aunt's baby. What have you to say respecting Peter and James?"

Mother of "Irregulars" and "Absentees": "Please, sir, they be twins. Can't you allow 'em as one, and let 'em do half a day each?"

Active Member is puzzled. Orders mother to stand aside, and requests clerk to refer to Mr. Forster's Act "for law bearing on point."—*Punch*.

SELFISH SURREY.

The opponents of the scheme for the abolition of the Surrey Sessions are expected to give their intelligent support to the following disinterested propositions:—

1. That the Lord Mayor's Show shall parade in Kingston every 9th of November from 12 noon until 2 p.m., so that the inhabitants of that important town shall have an opportunity of seeing the procession before its appearance in London.

2. That the St. Leger be run in future on the Downs, near Croydon, so that the sportsmen of Surrey may be able to attend that very important race with less trouble and expense.—*Punch*.

"CROW-BAR."—We do not vouch for this story, but give it as we received it: A farmer, who was pestered with crows, hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whisky and placing it in the field so that the crows would get drunk, and then he could easily close on them. After soaking some corn all night he put a bountiful supply in the field early next morning, and in about two hours he went out to see how things were progressing and mark what followed. One old crow, a little larger than the rest, had gathered up and taken possession of all the soaked corn, and had built himself a bar out of some clods of earth, and was retailing the whisky-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted corn for one soaked grain.

"LIST! LIST! OH, LIST!"—A friend of ours who now and again thinks, when he has nothing better to do, writes us a letter containing the following information:—"List" men have had a shocking bad time of it lately. Pugilists are now things of the past, and happily it seems almost impossible to dream of their revival. Street instruments-lists have had a severe worrying the last year or two, and now the poor two-to-one bar-one men are prohibited from exposing their lists. The only lists now on exhibition are the Spiritu-lists, and the sooner they dry up the better." We distinctly decline to pay for this, as everybody knew it before, and we only print it so that the gentlemen who contribute so largely to our waste-paper basket shall know the sort of stuff we don't want.—*Fun*.

A STEADY WATCH DOG.—A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing, a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree, and retired to watch the result of his strategy. The boy descending observed the dog, and then the fun commenced. He whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth, accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a long distance. It isn't well for a smaller boy to say "stuffed dog" to that youth now.

MINNIE AND THE CHICKEN.

Little Minnie was away visiting Aunt Charlotte, who had ever so many hens, and several of these had broods of little chickens from a day or two old to several weeks of age.

Minnie used to delight in catching the little chickens, but was generally interrupted in her sport by the mother hens. She was so persistent one day, however, in her attempts to catch one of Daisy's (Daisy was one of the mother hens) little chickens

that Daisy chased her and pecked her. On this Minnie ran into the house crying, when her auntie said to her:

"What's the matter with my little pet?"

Between her sobs, Minnie replied:

"Oh, auntie! I just went to touch the little chickie, and the old hen growled at me, and bit me with her nose!"

KILLED BY A COMPOSITOR.

Such was the verdict of the coroner's jury upon the case. The circumstances were as follows: He loved madly, passionately. His fair one smiled, and all was going well. His suit was safe, but in an evil moment he conceived the dangerous idea of clinching it, so to speak, with a poem. He wrote his poem in a moment of heavenly inspiration, and sent it to the village weekly. It began thus:

Maid Mary Jane Pilkington Filer,

White-skirted marvel of duty;

The wide world can never beguile her,

My gold-headed, blue-belted beauty.

It was a pretty poetic flower as it stood, but the compositorist Goth laid his typographical hand upon it, and when it appeared "skirted" was spelled with an "h" and "belted" had two "l's" in it, and an "i." And so they laid him tearfully away beneath the daisies, and rendered a verdict as above.

THE CHILD LOVERS.

I WALK once more the well-known shore,

So home-like, yet so strange to me,

Where every sound of wave or wind,

Or every rook that long has lined

The margin of the sea,

Reminds me still of thee.

I see the old wreck buried deep

In wave and sand, at hazard cast,

Through whose old ribs we used to race,

Or search the nether sands to trace

Some token of her past,

Ere conquered by the blast.

Is this the very wind that oft

Thy girlish head of gold caressed?

These sands, so bright and brown and bare,

Are they the same we trod, and where

We both sank down to rest,

By childish pleasure blessed?

Swing in the breeze the lazy gulls,

Still as of old, when both we gazed.

Still at my feet, as oft at thine,

The many-coloured pebbles shine,

Which boy and girl both praised—

So brightly hued and glazed.

My sweet girl-playmate, chide me not

That late thus, in a lonely life,

I should recall, in shore and sea,

Such tender dreams of love and thee,

Now that, as his loved wife,

Thou crown'st my rival's life.

And should these verses meet thine eye,

Show him them, too—not care will he;

But tell thee he and I are friends

These many years. Time makes amends,

And laughs at troths that we,

As children, pledged by sea.

N. D. U.

GEMS.

VANITY is satisfied with great words, but pride requires great works.

GOOD deeds should inspire us with emotion and admiration when seen in others, but not when they take place in ourselves.

DON'T be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread on you a little. In other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently to our expectations, and we may be sufferers.

A MAN may be very elegant, sprightly, eloquent and witty in conversation—full of anecdote, and even interesting, and yet not please; while another without wit, elegance, eloquence, sprightliness, or much anecdote, will win the affections of everybody. The first one excites admiration without touching the heart—he talks for himself only, and selfishness always betrays itself and is not tolerated easily. The other one is humble—thinks well of others and little of himself. Remember, in conversing always to listen to others with complacency.

IT is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore and foresees a hurricane stands out to sea and encounters a storm to avoid a shipwreck. And thus, the legislator who meets some evils half subduces them. In the grievous dearth that visited the land of Egypt, Joseph forestalled the evils, and adopted measures that pro-

claimed to the nation, "you shall not feast in order that you shall not fast; and although you must submit to a scarcity, you shall not endure a famine." And those very persons who have been decried, by short-sighted reasoners in this country, as regraters and monopolizers, are, in times of real deficiency, the actual Joseph's of the land.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO COLLAR BREAST OF VEAL TO EAT HOT.—Bone the veal; take some thyme, marjoram, salt, pepper, nutmeg, a little mace, shred suet, crumbs of bread and a score of oysters. Beat all these in a mortar to mix them together, strow the mixture thickly over the veal, then roll it up into a collar, sew it tightly in a cloth, and boil it three hours. Serve it with white sauce and forcemeat balls.

RYE-BREAD.—Into two quarts of flour stir half a coffee-cupful of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt and enough warm water to moisten the flour, making a thick batter. Let it rise over night; in the morning stir it again; then put into pans without kneading, making it quite soft. Let it rise till very light, then bake an hour in a moderately-heated oven. This bread makes a pleasant change from wheat; and when the slices are toasted and spread with butter they are really as delicious as healthful.

ICED TEA AND COFFEE.—These drinks, which have long been popular in tropical countries, are now becoming better known with us. In very warm weather they are peculiarly refreshing. Iced tea, in particular, will satisfy thirst better than almost any other liquid. A good, high-flavoured black tea should be used, and if it is to be cooled by putting lumps of ice into it, should be made very strong to allow of the weakening caused by the melting of the ice. The better way is to prepare the tea of the usual strength, and to cool it by setting the vessel that contains it upon the ice. Both tea and coffee may be used with sugar and milk, but the majority of persons prefer them without either.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE hundred rifles a day is about the present working capacity of the Springfield Armory.

SIR JAMES PAGET has made a public protest against the high-heeled boots now worn by ladies.

THE latest thing out—in the way of progress—is the Home Rule hat. It is a hat without a crown. It must be good for hot heads.

A CASKET of jewellery, sent by Her Majesty to the Princess Alice of Hesse, who is staying at Blankenberghe, has been stolen at the station at Bruges.

ACCORDING to a rumour current in political circles in London, the real purpose of Mr. Disraeli's promised visit to Ireland is to satisfy himself on the long-pending question of a Royal residence in that country.

THERE are still money prizes of the value of 300*l.* won at the recent Wimbledon meeting, which have not yet been claimed. There are thirteen prizes of 3*l.* each not yet taken up; and, incredible as it may appear, several Scotch prize-winners have not put in their claim.

LADIES, BEWARE OF FLATTERY.—Ladies, when gentlemen begin to call you angels, and affirm that your presence makes their perfect and their only paradise, beware, and believe them not. And one of the reasons is, that "The flatterer before marriage is seldom the flatterer afterwards."

THE manager of a French provincial theatre has speculated on human nature in the following notice which he has had posted up outside of the theatre:—"The manager begs that all pretty women will take off their hats and bonnets. Those who may be ugly or elderly are welcome to keep them on."

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—Some statistics of a novel character are being collected by the German Government. They relate to the colour of the hair and eyes of the children attending school in Alsace and other parts of the empire. The returns, so far, show that in a Bavarian district containing 1,500 children, 36 per cent. were found to have blue eyes, 30 gray, and 34 brown; 47 per cent. had light hair, 49 brown, and 4 black, while 81 per cent. had fair complexions and 19 were dark.

CAUTION TO PORK EATERS.—A medical journal reports that the other day there were several patients in the Charité Hospital in Berlin suffering from trichin, in consequence of eating raw ham. One case was fatal. The disease is reported to have attacked a large number of persons in the villages of Gratzungen, Biedensun, Trebra, Etzelsroda, Putzlingen, Gross-Wechsungen, Fortham, and Königsthal, and the town of Nordhausen, in consequence of the use of raw pork. In Nordhausen alone there were no fewer than forty-three cases.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALICE.—The letter with its enclosure reached us in due course and will receive every necessary attention.

E. H. G.—The sons can be compelled by the parochial authorities to contribute to their mother's support according to their ability.

IRON.—London is a sufficient address for the celebrity referred to in your first question. In reply to the second, marble or slate mantelshelves may be cleaned by the careful application of diluted muriatic acid.

E. C. S.—1. and 2. The handwriting and wording of your letter are for all practical purposes unexceptionable. 3. Persons who desire to be married by means of the publication of banns must be married in the church where the banns were published.

A LOVELY ONE.—1. We advise the writing, we think it bold, useful and stylish. 2. The colour of the hair appears to be a rich dark-brown. 3. The frequent use of the tooth-brush is indispensable to the good appearance and preservation of nice teeth.

SUN SPOT.—You can keep your face brown by staining it with walnut juice applied in a delicate and artistic manner; but you should be strongly advised against such a practice for many reasons, not the least of which are the ridicule and distrust it is calculated to entail upon you.

A. H.—In your announcement you should give some idea of the description of gentleman you prefer; if any answer to your announcement appears you might write again and state your wishes on the subject. Always remember that there are but few proceedings in life in which success can be absolutely secured.

ALICE W.—May and December will never agree. No friend with any pretensions to judgment would help the marriage of a girl of eighteen with a man of eighty, even if the gentleman, in accordance with the terms of your note, has good means, which means, we suppose, rich. Marriage and money, desirable as both of them are in their way, may be purchased at too high a price.

SAMUEL A. writes a good deal about his physical aches and pains and concludes by saying he will be thankful for advice "for I cannot explain to you half how I am." Under such circumstances, "S. A." needs medical inspection and should at once go to the appointed medical officer of his district. "S. A." will, we trust, persevere upon reflection that it is impossible for us satisfactorily to answer his letter in any other way.

J. F. W.—1. Cigars can be scented as other things are scented, that is by placing them in close proximity to the perfume of which it is desired they should partake. But cigars should not be thus placed, because they then lose all their original flavour and become worthless to us but those who have not passed through their smoking novitiate. 2. The handwriting is remarkably plain and without style.

KATE.—The handwriting, though legible enough, is not to be admired, it looks too much laboured and somewhat unnatural. The "ars celere artem" does not appear to have been observed. With regard to the other matters; the hair cannot be safely removed from a lady's face, and the best thing we can recommend to remove blotches and improve the complexion is plenty of walking exercise, to be taken out of doors and in a healthy neighbourhood.

LEONIE AND MARY C.—Vacation time has already commenced in London and will last till the commencement or middle of October. Most dashing young men, such as those about whom you write, are away for the holidays in Switzerland or other such delightful places, and do as little reading just now as possible, on principle and for the benefit of their health. They have left off writing about love for awhile and if they do any courting at all they only do it in propria persona.

EMILY.—An affectionate girl who is entitled to money on her wedding-day should be cautioned against contracting a matrimonial alliance with a man who has neither money nor the ability nor opportunity to earn money. The want of such ability is a very great want. Money, considered merely by itself, is not such a good thing as is commonly supposed, and its comparative worthlessness is seldom more completely seen than when by its means alone an attempt is made to purchase love and happiness.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—1. The words of the old song called "Love not" were written by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the music is by Blockley. 2. A lady can write to any gentleman on business, or for charitable purposes, and similar objects, without any introduction; indeed she can write upon any subject on which under the circumstances a lady would write. 3. Perhaps a pencil-case is a suitable present from a pupil to her teacher. 4. Back numbers of the LONDON READER can be supplied within a day or two after the order has reached the office.

S. A. P.—1. Velvet is cleaned first by being well brushed with a brush known as a velvet brush, secondly by the

application when necessary of turpentine to remove any grease spots which may exist, and lastly by holding the velvet over boiling water with the wrong side of the velvet next the water so that the steam from the water will cause the depressed pile of the velvet to rise. 2. In all probability you will find the mildew in calico irremovable. You may prevent its progress by exposing the articles in the open air and before the fire.

PENNY H.—You have indeed sent us a description of a "rare avis in terra," one for which we are afraid it is impossible for us to find a mate. We may venture therefore to suggest to you the desirability of fishing in other waters. It is true that "the most perfect specimen of a gorilla ever met with," such is the description you give of yourself, is neither a bird nor a fish; but it is also true that to find a lady willing to be united with such a one in the bonds of matrimony is a task as difficult as it is unobtainable.

TOMSWHINE.—1. If you are conscious of a bad habit and will not or cannot abandon it you must take the consequences. 2. Such a lethargy as you describe should be immediately treated by proper medical advice. 3. You will be badly advised if you do a wrong thing just because some one has done wrong to you. You should not thus take the law into your own hands, but prefer your complaint before the proper authorities. 4. Such a vein as you describe, although situated in the forehead, is various, that is diseased by dilatation. 5. You do not write well.

JANE F.—It is not an uncommon thing to hear of persons being mad in love. It by no means follows that persons vehemently afflicted by the universal passion are proper subjects of an inquiry before a jury impanelled under the authority of a commissioner de lunatico inquirendo. Lovers are not lunatics and lunatics cannot be lovers. Love in embryo is sufficiently sensitive to be frightened away by an unpleasant contemplation, and would rather not further entertain the idea of an alliance with one who writes from a lunatic asylum, albeit that residents and inmates differ.

OUT OF THE DIN.

Out on the beach,
Where the sea-waves reach
The rocks that flank the shore,
We slowly walk,
And merrily talk
Amid old ocean's roar.

Great ships speed by,
While against the sky
Their canvas seems to lean,
And the sea-gulls swim
Through the dense spray dim,
And beautify the scene.

The fisherman's call
Is heard over all,
As he hauls in his well-filled nets;
His life, though plain,
Is not passed in vain,
And it hath but few regrets.

Up on the hill
Where the laughing rill
Carols its way to the sea,
Under the trees
We saunter at ease,
For merry and happy are we.

The sea-shell sings
Of old ocean's kings,
Of their throes of coral bright;
And the waves respond,
As if with fond
And rapturous delight.

Thus out of the din,
The heat and sun
Of the city far away,
By the side of the sea
Most happily we
Enjoy this summer day.

C. A.

DOUBTFUL.—1. An engagement ring is usually worn by a lady on that finger which is next the little finger on the right hand. As the wedding-day approaches, however, it is in many circles customary to transfer the ring to the same finger of the left hand. 2. Many young ladies are engaged at eighteen; but still we think it is too early, for it should be remembered that married life has its duties and cares as well as its pleasures. S. Lydia is the name of a celebrated kingdom in Asia Minor and has had no signification of quality attached to it by those who have written about nomenclature. Some lists of names give as an interpretation of the name Lydia "descended from Lud." Who is he or she? we have often said to ourselves as we have scanned this list, for we cannot find such a name in any of the usual dictionaries.

O. P. (Bristol).—Although a father has power to prevent the marriage of a son under twenty-one years of age, who has never been married before, that is who is not a widower, yet if the marriage is in other respects lawfully solemnized it will be deemed valid. Consequently the father will have no power to separate husband and wife, and the children of the marriage will be legitimate. A person who is under age and marries without the consent of parent or guardian may, however, put himself in a position of peril, although his marriage is good. He may be indicted for perjury, and the Act of Parliament 4 Geo. IV. c. 76, s. 23, contains a provision that when a valid marriage by licence or banns is solemnized between persons either of whom is under age, by means of the false oath or fraudulent procurement of one of the parties, the party so offending shall be liable to forfeit all property which would otherwise accrue from the marriage.

J. G. D.—1. We think that if a young man, who had received only a fair school education, commenced a course of study that would enable him ultimately to take the degree of LL.D. he would be fortunate if he obtained that honour in four or five years from the time he made up his mind to try for it. His first step would be to take up such subjects as would enable him to pass the matriculation examination, say of the London University. 2. A man who would take a B.A. degree must have passed the matriculation examination. The subjects for the B.A. examination are English history and literature,

English language and literature, arithmetic and algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conics, Latin, and Roman history. French, German, mathematics and mechanical philosophy, the differential and integral calculus, mechanics, hydrostatics and optics, and so forth. For the list of subjects for the M.A. degree and (3) for the particulars about the matriculation examination—which though referred to last in your note is the precursor of every other examination and similar to the B.A. examination—we advise you to consult the last edition of the London University Calendar. 4. We do not know.

S. A. M.—We appreciate your reasons, trust we may be permitted to sympathize with your desire and regret that the power to aid and the wish to aid are at the present moment disunited. But surely that massive yet beautiful countenance is the index of a mind as full of self-reliance as need fall to a mortal's lot. There seems to be about your portrait a winsome grace which must make way, cleared as it will be by intelligence of great breadth and supported by a strength and determination characteristic of great powers of endurance. So great seems the strength and energy manifested in the lower part of the face that for a moment some apprehensiveness involuntarily rises in the mind, especially when the largeness and lustre of the eyes are taken into account. Great power, great love, great talent; the spectator is lost for a while in the elements of fascination which are there and in wonder as to the manner in which they will be used; She will make way, yes, we wrote that a few lines ago; that is correct. The apprehension which soon after came over us is in a great measure subdued by another and a long look at the forehead. That, at all events, is unexceptionably admirable, and over the whole face yet there seems to be a sweetness of expression which tells of good affections and leads to hope that in the heart there is an anchor of principle which will be serviceable to its possessor.

LENA, fair, light hair and eyes, a sailor's daughter, would like to correspond with a sailor.

LOVELY ANNIE, eighteen, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Respondent should be tall and dark; a tradesman not over thirty preferred.

BLANCHE, dark, amiable, domesticated, and fond of home, would like to correspond with a tall, fair gentleman about twenty-seven, with a view to matrimony.

ROSE, tall, fair, good looking and domesticated, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark, young gentleman about twenty-four, fond of music and society.

LOVELY M., twenty, tall, fair and domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty; a farmer in comfortable circumstances preferred.

ELGIVA, twenty-six, dark hair and eyes, loving and fond of home. Respondent should be the mate of a merchant ship.

MIRANDA, nineteen, medium height, fair, dark eyes, and of a loving disposition. Respondent should be a young man who would be kind and loving and able to make a home happy.

LOVELY ANNIE wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young man with a view to matrimony. He must be fond of music and dancing and having an income of not less than 2000 a year; a good mechanic or citizen preferred.

HAPPY POLLY, nineteen, tall, fair and pretty, thinks she would make a man happy who knows how to value a good wife. Respondent should be tall, dark, handsome and able to keep his wife; a tradesman preferred.

FANNY L., seventeen, medium height, light complexion, and curly hair. Respondent should be a respectable young man about twenty-one; a porter with a good salary preferred.

POOR ERNET, nineteen, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition and domesticated, would like to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-five, of a loving disposition, who is fond of home, and would make a kind husband to a loving wife.

HARRY HARR, tall, dark, good natured, of a lively disposition, a mechanic in constant employment, earning good wages and has expectations, wishes to correspond with a fair young woman about twenty, with a view to matrimony; good looks not so much an object as a cheerful and loving disposition.

COMMUNICATIONS REMOVED:

C.D. is responded to by—"Elizabeth T." fair, tall, good looking, good tempered and about the age mentioned.

ARTHUR by—"J. H. C." dark, 5ft. 9in., thirty-two, well connected.

LIZIE A. by—"B." twenty-three, 5ft. 9in., dark complexion, considered very handsome, good income and parents very respectable; and by—"Volunteer," tall, dark, a mechanic in good and constant employment and has expectations.

NIRNA wishes to hear again from "S. B."

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